HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. XXI.—No. 1096.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1877. [WITH A SUPPLEMENT. PRICE TEN CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1877, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

The Christmas Baby.

"Dis mornin' de sparrers war chirpin',
  An' de clouds war beginnin' to break,
To let de sun peep at de earf fer a while
  'Fore he kissed it an' tole it to wake,
When a angel comes down from de hebbens
  Jess de minit de Chrissmas bell rings.
'See de angel?' No, honey, dese eyes am too bline;
  But I sure heard de rustlin' of wings,
An' I runs to mamma. Hallelujah!
  On her bosom dis lubly thing lies,
Wid de kiss of de Lord shinin' brite on its har,
  An' de blue of His sky in its eyes."

For a moment, their innocent faces
  Filled with wonder, the little ones stand,
Then shout with delight, "Merry Christmas! Mamma
  Has the prettiest gift in the land!"

THE CHRISTMAS BABY.—[Drawn by Sol Eytinge, Jun.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1877.

☞ *The* ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *sent out with this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *contains the opening chapters of a new Christmas Story, entitled*

"SHEPHERDS ALL AND MAIDENS FAIR,"

by the authors of "The Golden Butterfly" and other popular novels; and an engraving representing a Turkish outpost.

An ILLUSTRATED EIGHT-PAGE SUPPLEMENT, *containing two fine engravings and the beginning of a new Christmas Story, entitled*

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by MISS BRADDON, *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

THE EXECUTIVE AND THE SENATE.

THE contest with the Executive which the Senate, under the lead of Mr. CONKLING, has been waging, is full of significance. It shows that the jealousy of Executive power which was so deep and general at the time of the formation of the Constitution really succeeded in restricting it almost entirely. The two especial prerogatives of that power are the right of nomination and the veto. The discretion, however, which has been hitherto supposed to lie in the right of nomination will have been virtually abolished by the practice of the Senate if it shall decide that no officer shall be either confirmed or removed without the consent of the Senator from the State in which the office is to be exercised. This, again, involves obvious consequences. It tends, with unscrupulous men, directly to bargains between the Executive and the Senators, and substantially subjects it to their will. It fosters the rankest partisanship in the Chief Magistracy, and it prohibits independence, except at the possible cost of the success of an Administration. It is a contest in which a truly patriotic Administration—an Administration, that is to say, which will not resort to intrigue and patronage—is always at immense disadvantage.

If recently, for instance, the Administration had chosen to play against Mr. CONKLING with his own weapons, it would readily have discomfited him. And he showed the kind of warfare that he was willing to wage, and thereby revealed his true position, by representing that the New York nominations were made simply for the purpose of injuring or annoying him. It was a natural view for him to take, and in insisting upon it he touched the pride and selfish apprehension of his associates. They felt that in sustaining him they maintained their own influence and power. But had they felt that those interests would have been more secure by supporting the Executive—and an unscrupulous Executive could have readily proved it—the Senatorial action very conceivably might have been different. This is to say that such a body does not willingly relinquish power. Nor can a majority expect universal respect which, having in one week by the mouth of its leader stigmatized an associate as probably a jail-bird, and certainly a party traitor, in the next week deliberately places him in the chairmanship of a most important committee.

The contest in the Senate discloses clearly the force of the present organization of our politics upon the basis of patronage, although its philosophy and reason were not stated. Mr. CONKLING was accepted as a leader not because of himself so much as of the cause that he represented. Both in the Senate and in the New York Convention he was supported by men who do not like him and who personally repel his leadership, but who recognized that he stood for the system that they either approve in itself or believe to be indispensable to practical politics. The exact situation was expressed by one such gentleman, who, to the remark of a surprised friend that he seemed to be suddenly a "CONKLING man," replied, "Oh no; I am an anti-CONKLING man, but I am still more an anti-HAYES man." He did not wish to see Mr. CONKLING at the wheel. But he wanted the wheel, and would take it with Mr. CONKLING if he could not have it without him. The cause or the system of which in our politics Mr. CONKLING is the exponent is patronage as the basis of party organization. Unquestionably it is a very powerful system, and its force has not been adequately measured by many of those who are loud and eager for reform. No one, however, who has practically examined the subject, and been brought into close and constant relations with actual politics, has supposed that the millennium of reform was immediately at hand, and no such person, therefore, is disheartened or in despair because, like all really great and fundamental political reforms, it seems to be constantly baffled and endlessly ridiculed and hopelessly delayed. Mr. CONKLING is the representative of patronage not because he is more what Mr. SUMNER might call an office-monger than others, but because his aggressive temperament and circumstances in his own State have recently made him more prominent. In another article we describe the system to the defense of which Mr. CONKLING has sought to rally the Senate.

As to the immediate point concerned, the New York officers whom the Administration wished to replace will be retained. The reason for rejecting a nomination in itself so unobjectionable as that of Mr. ROOSEVELT must be an adequate reason in the mind of the Senate for rejecting any other. If it be a reason to reject a nomination that a Senator declares it to be levelled against himself personally, he has, of course, complete command of the situation. It is undoubtedly the President's duty to remove an officer whom he considers to be unfit; and if the Senate should refuse to confirm a successor whom he nominates, because it considered him also to be unfit, it would be a rightful exercise of its power, and it would be the President's duty to nominate another person. But that is not this case. By voting to sustain Mr. CONKLING after his speech, the Senate declared that it believed the incumbent to be a fit officer, not that the person nominated was unfit. The decision practically settles the matter. The President, believing a change to be desirable in the interests of the public service, practically exhausts his constitutional power when he attempts to effect a change and is told by the Senate that it will not consent to a change. It is a dead lock, and the responsibility rests with the Senate.

It is not necessary for us to repeat the regrets which we have already expressed that the action of the Administration in the matter had not been prompt, courageous, and upon a clearly defined and distinctly intelligible principle. Every shot in Mr. CONKLING'S fusillade was furnished by the Administration, and it is old wisdom that if you give an enemy a club he will beat your brains out. Yet the position really represented by the Administration—that of a non-political subordinate service—although not fairly shown in its acts, is the true position. Mr. CONKLING'S charge that Mr. ROOSEVELT was his personal enemy was one to which that gentleman could not reply, and which, in itself, was absolutely irrelevant, since the political or personal differences of Mr. CONKLING are not yet proper grounds of Senatorial action upon such questions. Had it, however, been true, or could Mr. CONKLING have shown that Mr. ROOSEVELT was nominated *because* of such personal enmity, the Senator would have been cordially sustained in exposing so monstrous an offense. But of course nothing was further from the thought of the Administration, and nothing could be more foreign to the character of the President. We know nothing of the alleged personal hostility of Mr. ROOSEVELT to Mr. CONKLING, but we presume that the feeling is merely a political opposition which is shared by many Republicans. The President, fortunately, we believe to be of a temperament that will enable him to understand precisely the significance of recent events. He will not conclude that there is no desire for reform, but that it must be sought consistently and courageously.

A FULL SENATE.

WITH the admission of Mr. EUSTIS as Senator from Louisiana, the Senate is full, and its numbers will now probably be maintained. The event marks the close of the transition period following reconstruction, so far as national relations and representation are concerned. All the thirty-eight States of the Union are now equal in this, that there is no more direct national interference in one than in another. Offenses within the State, however flagrant and heinous, are now to be dealt with by the State authority. Nor, except upon requisition from that authority in the prescribed constitutional manner, can the national hand be extended in aid. This consummation is regarded by many as the practical extinction of the colored vote and a guarantee of national acquiescence in outrages upon the negro. It is, nevertheless, a restoration of the Union to its constitutional condition; and if the rights of any citizen or class of citizens are abridged or annihilated, the reason is in the nature of the government established by the Constitution.

The practical question for every humane and just American is whether the condition of the colored citizens will be really worse. If this be thought probable or even inevitable, and if there was national authority and power to protect them directly and permanently, why were they not exerted under the late Administration, when the Republican party was in supreme and unchallenged power? Or if the restoration of the Southern States was believed to involve a peril to the negro which the national government could obviate, why was not every colored man in the country given a direct appeal to that authority? The amendments authorize Congress to enforce their provisions. If they justify that kind of protection which is now demanded, why has not a Republican Congress provided the necessary legislation? Is there any other explanation than that a Republican Congress did not believe that the amendments gave the national government the power and kind of protection of citizens in the first instance which belong to the State governments? Such use as was made of military force did not prevent nor diminish the crimes of the Ku-Klux, nor the vast array of outrages which Mr. MORTON presented. It merely served to irritate; and to make it in any sense adequate to protection, the army must have been enormously increased. To expect the ignorant and angry classes of the Southern population to learn respect and toleration and good treatment of the negroes from military force was to expect what all history and experience of human nature show to be impracticable.

Is this the total repudiation and condemnation of the Republican course in reconstruction? Not at all. In the condition of the Southern States twelve years ago, when the war ended, military occupation was necessary for the sake of the whole population. It was a mechanical force indispensable to secure general order. But when, by the gradual settlement of society and acquiescence in the changed situation, those communities resumed a more normal condition, all that the military presence could accomplish had been effected. Harmonious relations between the white and colored citizens could not be imposed by force; they must be of slow growth. A military occupation could, indeed, produce the state of things that has been seen in South Carolina. But was that desirable in any point of view? Is there an intelligent man who doubts that it was such results that contributed largely to weaken and almost to overthrow the party that was held responsible for them? Since the white and colored races are to live together as equal citizens in the Southern States, it is unquestionably better for both and for the national welfare either that the one race be exceptionally and adequately protected until the other becomes perfectly just and friendly—which is impossible—or that both be left to the operation of that police and those natural and social laws which regulate the relations of all classes of citizens elsewhere. There will doubtless be dastardly crimes against defenseless negroes, such as that recently reported from Mississippi, which defile the name of American. But even for their repression that is a hopeless policy which, instead of encouraging the better and humaner sentiment of the community, gives it a common feeling of oppression and exasperation, which passively tolerates such crimes. It is not by lamenting its lost military hold of the Southern States, nor by sighing for an hour of THADDEUS STEVENS, nor by any thing but by bringing the courage and decision of THADDEUS STEVENS into living questions, and by being the party of our day as it was the party of his day, that the Republican party can hope to command the confidence of the country.

SOUTHERN INDUSTRY.

EX-GOVERNOR STRAW, of New Hampshire, recently made some depreciatory statements in regard to Southern manufacturing industries. None of the cotton mills paid, he said; they supply only a small local demand; their work can not compete in New York with that of the New England mills; the character of the Southern white people unfits them for factory work, and the negroes can not be good mill hands; the neighborhoods offer no advantages to tempt Northern labor, and the establishment of Southern factories has been a failure. Nor can the Governor see any chance for them in the future.

EX-GOVERNOR HOWARD, of Rhode Island, an expert in the business, as well as a man of experience and sagacity, who has seen that which he affirms, says of the statements of Governor STRAW:

"I regard these generalizations as too broad and too ultra for the actual condition of things. Take the first quotation for example: this is in substance that cotton manufactures in Georgia are insignificant, and limited to the meagre demands of the resident population, and hardly deserve notice. Whereas the fact is that the Augusta mill is one of the best-appointed, best-conducted, and best-disciplined mills in the United States. It has competed successfully with New England mills in New York, in the West, and in the export trade in its specialty of heavy goods. It produces sixty yards per loom per day, which is seventeen yards a day more than its principal New England competitor produces. It pays larger dividends than any mill in New England on plain cottons, and has done so steadily since the war. Its operatives are in the highest degree neat, orderly, industrious, and contented. The applications for places so far exceed the actual requirements that it is not necessary to keep any spare help under pay. Though the gates are opened fifteen minutes before the bell rings, three-quarters of the operatives are waiting at the gates when they are opened, and it is a rare thing to find a loom at rest when the bell stops ringing.

"The impression that none in the South are willing to work except negroes is an *ante-bellum* idea, which has been severely modified by the inexorable logic of want. All through the South there are multitudes of white people who before the war would have disdained actual labor, but who now are thankful for any respectable employment. Skilled operatives are, of course, scarce. Superintendents and overseers must be sought for in the North as a general thing, but I am confident that as to the procurement of ordinary hands out of the native population, no serious difficulty need be apprehended. I agree with Governor STRAW that to go from the salubrious air and comforts and conveniences of a New England village to the prolonged and excessive heat of Southern climates is a change neither desirable nor expedient, and those who make it would require high wages; but, as I said before, there is no occasion or inducement for the migration of any but superintendents and overseers.

"Clearly the exact truth of this matter, as is generally the case, lies midway between the extreme opinions which have obtained currency. New England is in less immediate danger from the South than from the fierce competition within her own borders; but, despite some failures, the South is moderately successful, and is making headway. It will be a long time before the erection of machine-shops, bleacheries, print-works, etc., will make manufacturing easy or profitable to a great extent, but mills will continue to be built, and will be run quite as cheaply there as they can be in the North. I attach no importance to the saving of freight on cotton, but the opportunity to select crop lots from the plantation is sometimes an advantage."

These impressions of a very intelligent observer serve to remind us that there are other industrial interests in the Southern States than those of office-holding, and other political virtues at the North than sectional intolerance and suspicion.

PARTY AND PATRONAGE.

THE argument for the system of the civil service represented by Mr. CONKLING is very simple. It is that, in a popular republic, government by party is indispensable, that to due party effectiveness thorough organization is necessary, and that to thorough organization the myriad rewards of place or patronage are indispensable. In the heavenly kingdom, we are informed, and among angels and other bright winged beings, politics are doubtless conducted on other plans. But for men and human affairs this is the only system, and all others are sentimental, spooney, flabby, shilly-shally, namby-pamby, Miss Nancyish, impracticable, and, in a word, condemned nonsense. This is the argument, ranging all the way from an apparent reasonableness to contemptuous vituperation, and appealing to prejudice, ignorance, party spirit, personal and pecuniary interest. Moreover, the system is thoroughly organized, and apparently effective and universal.

The organization must be every where complete, and, so far as practicable, centralized. The patronage is to be used for the benefit of the party. But that can be estimated only by authentic agents. Consequently, in every county and district and State, there must be trusty persons who can advise. In the city of New York, for instance, the fountain of place is chiefly the Custom-house. The places are to be given for the good of the party. They are virtually in the gift of the Collector. The Collector, therefore, must be a man capable of proper party management. A President, who may be from Colorado, must depend for his knowledge upon the Senator from New York; in other words, the Senator must suggest to him whom to nominate. The "courtesy of the Senate" recognizes the veto of the Senator upon a nomination that displeases him, because the Senator must be supposed to know the interest of the party in his own State better than the President. Thus the organization is thorough. The Senator dictates the Collector. The Collector gives his places where they will do the most good, either directly to "the workers" or to the man or other officer of party political influence. The logical and proper test under the system is efficient party service. The man who can manage the primaries as head-quarters desire, who can defeat this delegate nominated to a convention and elect that, who can get out the most votes, who can accomplish most effectively the plans of the managers, has the best "claim" to be an inspector, or night-watchman, or clerk of any grade. Fresher

and useful service is an equally strong "claim" against an incumbent, and no one so appointed ought to complain. The Collector who told the writer of these words that there were thirty just as good men waiting to take the place of every one of those who would not pay their election assessments had the logic of the position. It follows, also, that as the public service is a crib from which the good workers are to be fed, the feeding time of each must be limited, because there are so many more than can be accommodated at once.

Thus the civil service is an army of stipendiaries of the dominant party paid for their services to the party out of the public treasury, and an election is a national scramble for the minor offices. The argument is that party government is possible upon no other system. The answer is that it is not true; that it is possible, and practiced upon another system in England; and that our own experience, when there were not a thousand national offices in the country, shows that the prospect of plunder is not the only adequate spur of political activity. The distinction is always to be drawn between political and non-political places, between those which are necessary fully and properly to give effect to the popular will, and those which are not. The great multitude of places which are used to reward party service of the kind we have mentioned are, in no sense whatever, political. But the evil consequences of regarding them as such, and making them the perquisites of what is called "the active working element of the party," are evident on every hand. The Republican party would have been very much stronger to-day if the multitude of non-political places had been filled for conspicuous fitness, not for ability in running districts, and if those who had most faithfully done their official duty had been retained, promoted, and renominated during the late Administration. The civil service performances in the city of New York alone, both those that were effected and those which were attempted and failed, during the last weeks of the Grant administration, are the necessary result of a service founded merely upon patronage. The administration of such a system is inevitably not for the public welfare, but for personal purposes under the mask of party advantage. The incessant iteration that among fallible human beings no other system is possible shows only immense ignorance and the consciousness of want of argument. Equally forlorn is the assertion that reform means only putting honest men in office and keeping them there. Reform means a different method of ascertaining honest men than those now in vogue, and making honesty and efficiency the sole tenure. To demand reform is not to assert that every body in the civil service is a thief and a rascal; it is to insist upon better principles of entrance, promotion, and continuance. The spoils system might as wisely be applied to the military and naval as to the civil service.

THE SICK MAN.

The fall of Plevna will undoubtedly lead to a movement for peace. Following the capture of Kars, it does much to restore the prestige of the Russian arms, and with the general results of the war hitherto it confirms the views of the authorities whom we have most trusted, and who, while acknowledging the hopelessness of the Turkish government, have conceded the valor and endurance of the Turkish soldiers. The progress and probable results of the war, also, justify the view taken by Mr. Gladstone and his friends. That view was substantially that the Turkish question was essentially a European question, and must not be suffered to become a Russian question. But the course of England at least, which was supposed to be the power most interested, has tended to make it a Russian question, and to multiply the difficulties of English participation in the settlement. Russia may fairly say that as England left to her all the risk and the inevitable loss and expense of the attempt to redress the wrongs of Christian Turkey, England must not expect that her voice will be very welcome or very influential in the settlement.

Certainly if England had any moral hold upon the Christian populations, it has now been relaxed. Russia alone will now seem to them a friend and deliverer, and a Russian demand for the local self-government of the Christian provinces can hardly be repelled, even if it should end virtually in a Russian protectorate. The critical demand, and that which it is supposed England will dispute, will be the free passage of the Dardanelles for Russian war ships. The higher English ground upon this point is that such a concession would give Russia the command of English communication with India, and so restrict the civilizing influence of England by a semi-barbarous power. If, however, the question be one of enlightened civilization, it may well be asked, what is gained for it by maintaining the Ottoman Empire in so large a part of Europe, and by shutting up Russia in her semi-barbarism, and secluding her from the ameliorating influences of freer and natural communication with the rest of the world?

In any negotiations for settlement the welfare of the people immediately concerned is obviously a controlling consideration. The exchange of Russian for Turkish domination will be an advantage that can not be denied. Mr. Bryce shows conclusively that the Russian rule has been an advantage to the people of the Caucasus, and it could not fail to be so to the Danubian provinces. It is, in large part, undoubtedly a choice of evils, and while absolute Russian absorption is not to be supposed as a probable result of peace, England can not prevent a positive increase and extension of Russian ascendency.

SILVER AND DISHONOR.

Americans who are lamenting that France discredits the name of republic are perhaps too busy in pitying that country to perceive that we are doing the same thing. The proposition now pending in Congress that silver should be made a full legal tender is a proposition to clip the national money and dishonor the national name. Stripped of every sophistry and disguise, it is a proposition that money which was lent and accepted under one understanding shall be paid under another, to the loss of the lender, and inevitably to the disgrace of the borrower. Not a single advocate of this national shame will assert that when the loans were made, whatever the expression used may have been, it occurred to either side that a depreciated coin would be either offered or accepted in payment, and the only justification attempted against the conclusive moral argument of the mutual understanding is that the value of silver would become equal with that of gold by the fact of making it a legal tender. But this, at the best, is a mere surmise. It is one of the myriad theories which can not be proved or disproved until it is too late. It is a guess. The proposition is that Congress shall authorize every man who owes a debt of a hundred cents to pay it with ninety-two cents and a guess.

Mr. Stanley Matthews, in advocating this kind of public morality, says that "we don't care for abroad." But a man can not get rid of his shadow. Abroad will care for us, whether we will or not, and it is not the thin-skinned Yankee nation that will be stoical under general and deserved contempt. Desert is the sting. When we are called a vulgar democracy, we don't care for abroad, indeed, because American vulgarity seems to us to be decidedly preferable to the European. But when Sydney Smith sneered at State repudiation, every honest American winced under the wit of an English country clergyman, because its truth stung him. National honor, national faith, national honesty, indeed, are but ideas, but they are very much more precious than all the money we shall make by clipping coin. We have learned by a terrible lesson in this country the truth of the old sailor's saying, that God has somehow so fixed the world that a man can afford to do about right. If we dishonor ourselves by legalizing the payment of a smaller sum for a greater, we shall not escape the consequences by boasting that we don't care for abroad. That is a gibe which, like a curse, will come home to roost.

The position taken by Mr. Thurman, one of the Democratic leaders, in favor of the Silver Bill, shows his conviction, undoubtedly, that it is so popular a measure that it will be expedient for the Democratic party to adopt it. The remarks of Mr. Beck in reply to Senator Kernan, of New York, were in the same vein. Mr. Allison interposed that it had not been a party question. But Mr. Allison would not deny that the weight of the support of the silver and inflation and repudiation schemes is on the Democratic side; and it is not easy to see how a vital and fundamental question of great public policy can be long withheld from party action. It is ludicrous that the appointment of a customs officer should be made a ground of party action, and that the maintenance of the national faith should not be regarded as of sufficient importance for a united party position. Should the bill pass, the President will of course veto it, and as his veto would undoubtedly state clearly and strongly the considerations of every kind that should forbid the enactment of such a law, its passage by Congress over the veto would be an unmistakable national shame. The anarchy of the French and the dishonor of the American republic will furnish the enemies of popular government endless sources of contempt and distrust. Perhaps we don't care for abroad, but the man who knows that he is justly called a thief has very much the air of one.

PERSONAL.

The demand for Mr. Prime's excellent book on *Pottery and Porcelain*, issued by Harper & Brothers, so far exceeded the expectations of the author and his publishers as to exhaust the first edition within a few days after it was issued, and for a short time to take it out of the market. The book was immediately put to press again, and the publishers are now in a position to fill orders for this interesting and attractive work with promptitude and dispatch. Although printed with extraordinary rapidity, the press-work has been performed with such care that the beauty and delicacy of the illustrations and the letterpress have suffered nothing, and the latest copies of the work are in every respect as perfect as the first that came from the printer's hand.

—The third part of Dr. Carnochan's *Contributions to Operative Surgery and Surgical Pathology*, just published by Harper & Brothers, contains an account of two of the most remarkable operations recorded in the annals of ancient or modern surgery. Indeed, so bold were the attempts and so brilliant and successful the execution that the narrative in each case possesses all the fascination of a romance. The first operation was the removal by Dr. Carnochan of *the entire lower jaw*, which was accomplished in fifty-five minutes, in presence of the hospital staff and several prominent surgeons at the Emigrants' Hospital on Ward's Island. The patient, Nicholas Donegan, aged forty-three, recovered entirely, and subsequently pursued his calling of a dairy-man. The second case was that of a lady aged forty, whose entire lower jaw was also successfully removed, for tumor. Both cases (the pioneer cases in this country) are described with the technical minuteness requisite to make them fully understood and valuable as guides to the surgical brotherhood, and are at the same time of surpassing interest to the lay reader, as showing the wonderful achievements of which surgical skill is capable, and how it may be successfully carried to results that are almost incredible.

—One evening when Miss Cushman was playing in Washington, President and Mrs. Grant entered the theatre during the second act, just when the actress had started to "come on," and the orchestra at that moment began to play "Hail to the chief." "Duffield, Duffield," she cried, "what is that noise about? The orchestra is composed of fools, I verily believe." "It is the President," said poor Mr. Duffield. "And suppose it is!" said she, angrily. "Mr. Ford has given orders that the orchestra play 'Hail to the chief.'" "Hail to the mischief! *I* would not stop a performance for the best man living. Mr. Ford is a goose."

—Senator Eustis is a native of New Orleans, though of Massachusetts stock. He was two years a law student at Harvard. At the commencement of the rebellion he was judge-advocate on General Magruder's staff, and after serving a year was transferred to the staff of General Joe Johnston, on which he served until the surrender of Appomattox. Returning to New Orleans, he resumed the practice of law with great success, and has been prominent as a conservative politician. In 1872 he was elected State Representative, and in 1874 a State Senator for four years. He is a gentlemanly-looking man, forty-one years of age, of middle size, with features bronzed by Southern suns, and an intelligent as well as an agreeable expression.

—Mr. Frederick W. Stevens, of New York, a Yale graduate of the class of '58, has recently given to the college, for himself and Mrs. Stevens, the valuable property on Hillhouse Avenue, New Haven, formerly occupied by the late Mrs. Apthorp. The proceeds are to be applied to the improvement of the teaching force of the academical department.

—Ex-Minister Washburne said, in a recent lecture, that he first made the acquaintance of Gambetta while the latter was a member of the Government of National Defense—an acquaintance which afterward ripened into firm friendship. He was struck by the quickness of Gambetta's perception, his extraordinary executive ability, his promptness, decision, energy, patriotism, and supreme love of country.

—Professor Goldwin Smith will pass the winter in England among old college friends, being kept abroad by the illness of his wife. He has promised to write the volume on Wordsworth for a series of handy volumes to be published by a London house. In a recent address he expressed a fear that the founding of additional universities in England would involve the general lowering of the university standard. He spoke a good word for Cornell University before the new Oxford University Commission, when he favorably mentioned the characteristics that distinguished this university from other institutions. After saying, in one of his letters, that his prolonged stay in England is due to the illness of Mrs. Goldwin Smith, he adds: "We shall be at home, I trust, not later than the beginning of July, and I think I may safely say we shall cross the Atlantic no more. Next September will probably see me in my lecture-room at Cornell."

—There has been compiled by a young lady for an English Church journal an amusing paper on the names of clergymen at present in the Church clergy list. From this it appears that "parties in the Church" are represented by 1 Broad, 2 Low, and 4 Dry. Of High there is not a trace. But there are no fewer than 14 Abbots, 7 Priors, 4 Monks, and 8 Nuns. Their dresses and decorations are also calculated to excite uneasiness, for Hoods and Capes abound, while there are also 9 Garlands, 2 Banners, 3 Images, 12 Crosses, 1 Crucifix, and 1 Crozier (among 12 Bishops). In the musical department we have Singers and Fiddlers in abundance. Although it is unlawful for the clergy to embark in "trade," we find a prodigious number of Bakers, Butchers, Barbers, Tailors (no fewer than 107 of these, but not one too many, considering the amount of tailoring now required). Of the "clergy at table" there are 5 Salmon, 3 Haddocks, 2 Herrings, 2 Smelts, 4 Cods, 5 Whiting, 1 Grayling, 1 Pike, 3 Roach, and 2 Crabbes. For *pièces de résistance* we have 18 Bullocks, 7 Kidds, 2 Veales (with 8 Bacon, 3 Tongues, and 2 Badhams), 8 Lambs, 14 Harts, 1 Stagg, 3 Bucks, 1 Doe, 9 Roes, 7 Hinds, 2 Fawns, and 1 Eland. For game and poultry we have 7 Hares, 2 Rabbits, 1 Cock, 1 Henn, 1 Duck, 20 Drakes, 1 Gander, 3 Goslings, 6 Swans, 4 Peacocks, 4 Partridges, 7 Woodcocks, 1 Coote, 1 Teal, 2 Cranes, and 1 Heron. The supply of vegetables is very scanty, being limited to 2 Beans and 1 Onion. The cellar department is not to be despised, for it contains 3 Binns, in which are stored a dozen and a half of Perry, the same quantity of Hollands, 1 of Ginn, and 1 of Port.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Congress: On the 10th inst., Mr. J. B. Eustis was admitted as Senator from Louisiana, by a vote of 49 to 8, and was sworn in. The House referred that portion of the President's Message which relates to troubles on the Mexican frontier to the Committee on Foreign Relations, with instructions to consider the best means of removing the impending causes of difficulty between the United States and Mexico, and of confirming and enlarging the commercial relations between the two countries. On the 11th, the Senate passed a resolution offered by Mr. Conkling providing for a committee of seven to consider the same matter. The Senate Committee on Military Affairs reported a bill to establish military posts on the Rio Grande for the protection of the frontier. The Senate Committee on Commerce reported against the confirmation of Messrs. Roosevelt and Prince as Collector and Naval Officer, and in favor of Mr. Merritt as Surveyor of the port of New York. On the 12th, the Senate rejected the two first-named, by a vote of 25 to 31, and confirmed the third.—The House, on the 11th, passed a bill to provide for the removal of the bodies of the officers who perished in the wreck of the *Huron* to the Naval Cemetery at Annapolis, and to re-imburse relatives of victims the expenses incurred by them in recovering bodies.—On the 12th, the Senate authorized the select committee on electoral vote to also consider the best method of electing the President and Vice-President of the United States, and the duration of their terms of office. J. Bancroft Davis was nominated as Associate Justice of the Court of Claims, in place of Loring, retired. On the 14th, the nomination was confirmed. In the House, on the 12th, the Committee on Foreign Affairs reported a substitute for the bill referred to them on Mexican awards. It directs the State Department to distribute, *pro rata*, all moneys received from Mexico, and to pay to Mexico $50,528 in Mexican gold, and $10,559 in American gold, and $89,410 in greenbacks for awards in favor of Mexico. Mr. Stephens introduced a bill to repeal the iron-clad oath in cases of applications for pensions.—On the 13th, the Senate confirmed the nomination of Ezra A. Hayt to be Indian Commissioner. Senator Dawes introduced a bill to authorize and equip an expedition to the arctic seas. The House, by a vote of 116 to 110, admitted Mr. Patterson as Representative from Colorado.—On the 14th, the House concurred in the Senate's amendments to the Paris Exposition Bill. The Deficiency Bill passed both Houses on the 14th.

Mr. P. B. S. Pinchback has written a letter to Governor Nicholls, announcing his withdrawal from the contest for a seat as United States Senator for Louisiana.

On the 10th inst. General John M. Harlan, of Kentucky, was sworn in as Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Eastern War: The Russians achieved a grand victory, on the 10th inst., in the capture of Plevna, with its gallant defenders and all their arms and stores. A violent epidemic having broken out among his troops, Osman Pasha made a desperate attempt to cut through the Russian lines in the direction of Widdin. Crossing the river Vid at seven o'clock in the morning, he attacked the enemy's positions with great fury, and in a few minutes captured eight cannon and almost annihilated the Sibirski Grenadier Regiment. Russians and Roumanians were hurried up from Susarla and Bukova. After terrible carnage Osman attempted to re-enter Plevna, but it had meanwhile been occupied by Roumanians and Russians from Grivitza. Osman, on finding himself thus surrounded, although wounded in the foot, personally conducted the negotiations for a surrender. He expressly announced that he surrendered unconditionally to the Emperor. Simultaneously with the main sortie the Turks made a feint against the Roumanian positions on the right bank of the Vid, but this was feebly conducted, and the Turks in that quarter surrendered almost unresistingly. The whole Turkish artillery train was captured in the immediate neighborhood of Plevna. The Russian and Roumanian armies made a triumphal entry into the town at 3.30 in the afternoon. The Russian official report says the Turks fought like lions. The Russian losses were 10 officers and 183 men killed, and 45 officers and 1207 men wounded. The Turks lost 4000 killed and wounded, and the prisoners include 10 pashas, 128 staff officers, 2000 officers, 30,000 infantry, and 1200 cavalry. Seventy-seven cannon were also captured. The Czar visited Osman Pasha, and returned him his sword in recognition of his bravery. The news of the victory was received with great rejoicing at St. Petersburg. The city was illuminated, the theatres added to their usual programmes, enthusiastic popular demonstrations were made in honor of the imperial family and the army in the streets and public places, and crowds assembled, cheering and singing the national anthem.—Mehemet Ali has been removed from his command and replaced by Chakir Pasha, but the ill health of the latter compels him to resign.—It is reported that a fierce battle was fought at Metchka, nine miles southeast of Rustchuk, on the 12th, resulting in the defeat of the Turks.

Servia formally declared war against Turkey, on the 14th.

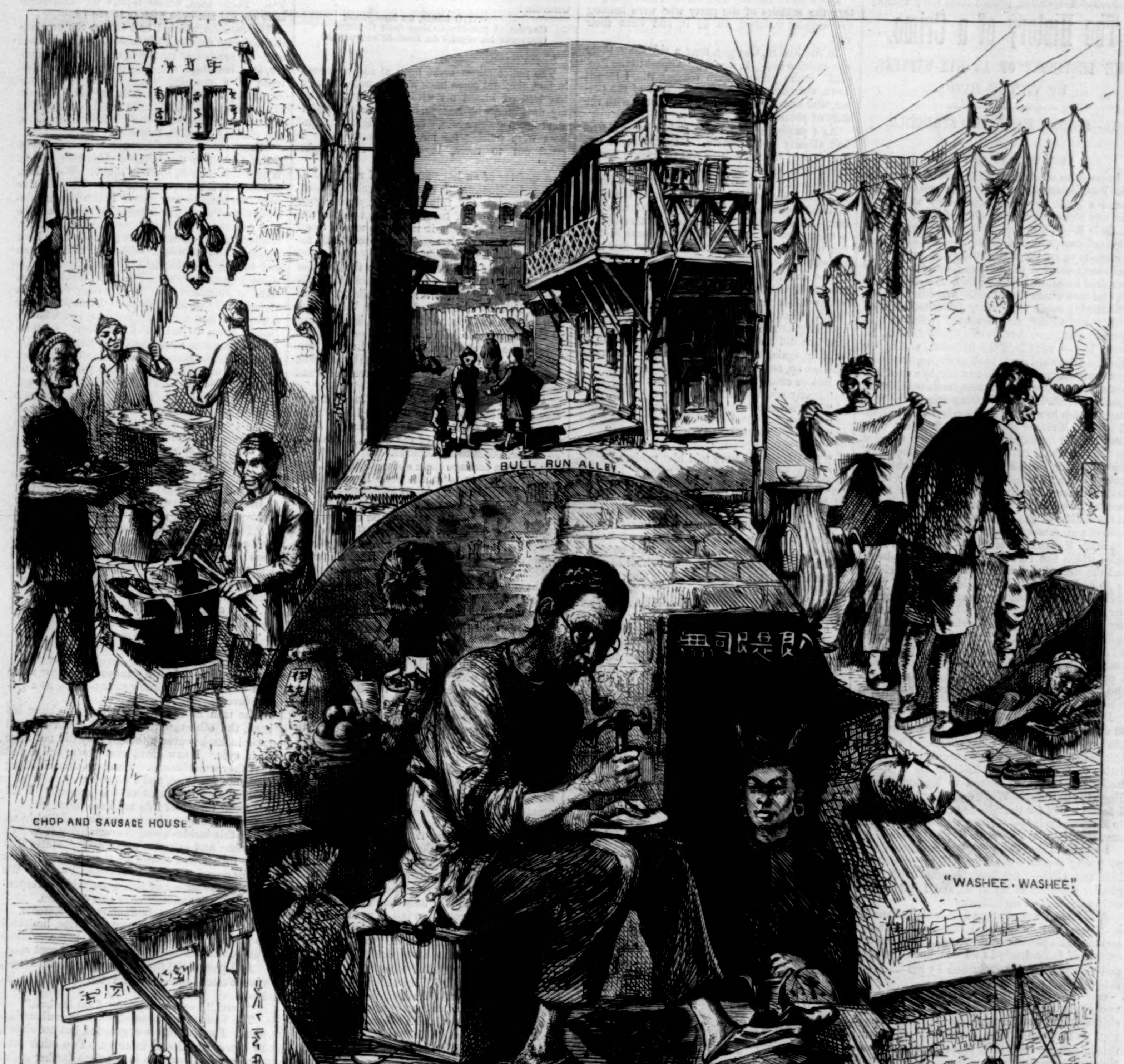
On the 9th, an attempt was made to assassinate the Prince of Montenegro by blowing up the house in which he was supposed to be at the time. Fortunately he was absent, and escaped.

The Turkish Parliament was opened, on the 13th, by the Sultan. The speech from the throne was reserved in tone, and alluded neither to peace nor mediation. In its course the Sultan said: "I must again appeal to the patriotism of my subjects to protect our legitimate rights."

A new French cabinet was formed, on the 13th, as follows: M. Dufaure, President of the Council and Minister of Justice; M. De Marcère, Minister of the Interior; M. Waddington, Minister of Foreign Affairs; M. Bardoux, Minister of Public Instruction; General Borel, Minister of War; Admiral Pothua, Minister of Marine; M. Léon Say, Minister of Finance; M. Teisserenc de Bort, Minister of Commerce; M. De Freycinet, Minister of Public Works. In the course of a message to both Chambers, on the 14th, President M'Mahon said: "In order to obey parliamentary rules, I have formed a cabinet selected from both Chambers, composed of men resolved to defend and maintain these institutions by the sincere exercise of the constitutional laws. The interests of the country imperatively demand that the crisis through which we are passing shall be set at rest, and demand with no less force that it shall not be renewed. The exercise of the right of dissolution is in effect nothing but a supreme consultation before a judge from whom there is no appeal, and could not be established as a system of government. I believed it to be my duty to exercise this right, and I conform myself to the reply of the country. By the Constitution of 1875 a parliamentary republic was formed. The Constitution, while establishing my irresponsibility, instituted the joint and individual responsibility of the ministers. The independence of the ministers is the condition of their responsibility. The principles of the Constitution are those of my government. The termination of the crisis will be the starting-point of a new era of prosperity, for the promotion of which all the public powers will concur. Harmony being re-established between the Senate and Chamber of Deputies, and the latter being henceforth assured against premature dissolution, the Chambers will be enabled to achieve the great legislative labors demanded by the public interests. The International Exhibition will offer to the world fresh testimony of the vitality of our country."

DEATH ON ECONOMY.

U. S. "I suppose I must spend a little on Life-saving Service, Life-boat Stations, Life-Boats, Surf-Boats, etc.; but it is too bad to be obliged to waste so much money."



CHINESE QUARTERS, VIRGINIA CITY, NEVADA.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers from Sketches by C. L. Sears.—[See Page 1027.]

[Authorized Translation, printed from Early Sheets.]

The History of a Crime.

THE TESTIMONY OF AN EYE-WITNESS.

BY VICTOR HUGO.

II.—SECOND DAY.—THE STRUGGLE.

I.

THEY COME TO ARREST ME.

IN order to reach the Rue Caumartin from the Rue Popincourt, all Paris has to be crossed. We found a great apparent calm every where. It was one o'clock in the morning when we reached M. De la R——'s house. The *fiacre* stopped near a grated door, which M. De la R—— opened with a latch-key; on the right, under the archway, a staircase ascended to the first floor of a solitary detached building, which M. De la R—— inhabited, and into which he led me. We entered a little drawing-room very richly furnished, lighted with a night-lamp, and separated from the bedroom by a tapestry curtain two-thirds drawn. M. De la R—— went into the bedroom, and a few minutes afterward came back again, accompanied by a charming woman, pale and fair, in a dressing-gown, her hair down, handsome, fresh, bewildered, gentle nevertheless, and looking at me with that alarm which in a young face confers an additional grace. Madame De la R—— had just been awoke by her husband. She remained a moment on the threshold of her chamber, smiling, half asleep, greatly astonished, somewhat frightened, looking by turns at her husband and at me, never having dreamed, perhaps, what civil war really meant, and seeing it enter abruptly into her rooms in the middle of the night under this disquieting form of an unknown person who asks for a refuge.

I made Madame De la R—— a thousand apologies, which she received with perfect kindness, and the charming woman profited by the incident to go and caress a pretty little girl of two years old who was sleeping at the end of the room in her cot, and the child whom she kissed caused her to forgive the refugee who had awakened her.

While chatting, M. De la R—— lighted a capital fire in the grate, and his wife, with a pillow and cushions, a hooded cloak belonging to him, and a pelisse belonging to herself, improvised opposite the fire a bed on a sofa, somewhat short, and which we lengthened by means of an arm-chair.

During the deliberation in the Rue Popincourt, at which I had just presided, Baudin had lent me his pencil to jot down some names. I still had this pencil with me. I made use of it to write a letter to my wife, which Madame De la R—— undertook to convey herself to Madame Victor Hugo the next day. While emptying my pockets, I found a box for the "Italiens," which I offered to Madame De la R——. On that evening (Tuesday, December 2) they were to play *Ernani*.

I looked at that cot, these two handsome, happy young people, and at myself, my disordered hair and clothes, my boots covered with mud, gloomy thoughts in my mind, and I felt like an owl in the nest of nightingales.

A few moments afterward M. and Madame De la R—— had disappeared into their bedroom, and the half-opened curtain was closed. I stretched myself, fully dressed as I was, upon the sofa, and this gentle nest disturbed by me had subsided into its graceful silence.

One can sleep on the eve of a battle between two armies, but on the eve of a battle between citizens there can be no sleep. I counted each hour as it sounded from a neighboring church; throughout the night there passed down the street, which was beneath the windows of the room where I was lying, carriages which were fleeing from Paris. They succeeded each other rapidly and hurriedly, one might have imagined it was the exit from a ball. Not being able to sleep, I got up. I had slightly parted the muslin curtains of a window, and I tried to look outside; the darkness was complete. No stars; clouds were flying by with the turbulent violence of a winter night. A melancholy wind howled. This wind of clouds resembled the wind of events.

I watched the sleeping baby. I waited for dawn. It came. M. De la R—— had explained at my request in what manner I could go out without disturbing any one. I kissed the child's forehead, and left the room. I went down stairs, closing the doors behind me as gently as I could, so as not to wake Madame De la R——. I opened the iron door and went out into the street. It was deserted, the shops were still shut, and a milk-woman, with her donkey by her side, was quietly arranging her cans on the pavement.

I did not see M. De la R—— again. I learned since that he wrote to me in my exile, and that his letter was intercepted. He has, I believe, quitted France. May this touching page convey to him my kind remembrances!

The Rue Caumartin leads into the Rue St. Lazare. I went toward it. It was broad daylight. At every moment I was overtaken and passed by *fiacres* laden with trunks and packages, which were hastening toward the Havre railway station. Passers-by began to appear. Some baggage trains were mounting the Rue St. Lazare at the same time as myself. Opposite No. 42, formerly inhabited by Mlle. Mars, I saw a new bill posted on the wall. I went up to it; I recognized the type of the National Printing-office, and I read:

"COMPOSITION OF THE NEW MINISTRY.

"*Interior*—M. De Morny.
"*War*—The General of Division St. Arnaud.
"*Foreign Affairs*—M. De Turgot.
"*Justice*—M. Rouher.
"*Finance*—M. Fould.
"*Marine*—M. Ducos.
"*Public Works*—M. Magne.
"*Public Instruction*—M. H. Fortoul.
"*Commerce*—M. Lefebvre-Duruflé."

I tore down the bill and threw it into the gutter; the soldiers of the party who were leading the wagons watched me do it, and went their way.

In the Rue St. Georges, near a side door, there was another bill. It was the "Appeal to the People." Some persons were reading it. I tore it down, notwithstanding the resistance of the porter, who appeared to me to be intrusted with the duty of protecting it.

As I passed by the Place Bréda some *fiacres* had already arrived there. I took one. I was near home; the temptation was too great; I went there. On seeing me cross the court-yard, the porter looked at me with a stupefied air. I rang the bell. My servant Isidore opened the door, and exclaimed, with a great cry, "Ah! it is you, Sir! They came during the night to arrest you." I went into my wife's room. She was in bed, but not asleep, and she told me what had happened.

She had gone to bed at eleven o'clock. Toward half past twelve, during that species of drowsiness which resembles sleeplessness, she heard men's voices. It seemed to her that Isidore was speaking to some one in the antechamber. At first she did not take any notice, and tried to go to sleep again, but the noise of voices continued. She sat up, and rang the bell.

Isidore came in. She asked him:

"Is any one there?"

"Yes, madam."

"Who is it?"

"A man who wishes to speak to master."

"Your master is out."

"That is what I have told him, madam."

"Well, is not the gentleman going?"

"No, madam. He says that he urgently needs to speak to Monsieur Victor Hugo, and that he will wait for him."

Isidore had stopped on the threshold of the bedroom. While he spoke, a fat, fresh-looking man in an overcoat, under which could be seen a black coat, appeared at the door behind him.

Madame Victor Hugo noticed this man, who was silently listening.

"Is it you, Sir, who wish to speak to Monsieur Victor Hugo?"

"Yes, madam."

"He is out."

"I shall have the honor of waiting for him, madam."

"He will not come back."

"Nevertheless I must speak to him."

"Monsieur, if it is any thing which will be useful for him to know, you can confide it to me in perfect security; I will faithfully tell him."

"Madam, it is to himself that I must speak."

"But what is it about? Is it regarding politics?"

The man did not answer.

"As to politics," continued my wife, "what is happening?"

"I believe, madam, that all is at an end."

"In what sense?"

"In the sense of the President."

My wife looked fixedly at the man, and said to him:

"You have come to arrest my husband, Sir."

"It is true, madam," answered the man, opening his overcoat, which revealed the sash of a Commissary of Police.

He added, after a pause: "I am a Commissary of Police, and I am the bearer of a warrant to arrest M. Victor Hugo. I must institute a search and look through the house."

"What is your name, Sir?" asked Madame Victor Hugo.

"My name is Hivert."

"You know the terms of the Constitution?"

"Yes, madam."

"You know that the Representatives of the People are inviolable?"

"Yes, madam."

"Very well, Sir," she said, coldly, "you know that you are committing a crime. Days like this have a to-morrow: proceed."

The Sieur Hivert attempted a few words of explanation, or, we should rather say, justification; he muttered the word "conscience;" he stammered the word "honor." Madame Victor Hugo, who had been calm until then, could not help interrupting him with some abruptness.

"Do your business, Sir, and do not argue; you know that every official who lays a hand on a Representative of the People commits an act of treason. You know that in presence of the Representatives the President is only an official like the others—the chief charged with carrying out their orders. You dare to come to arrest a Representative in his own home like a criminal! There is, in truth, a criminal here who ought to be arrested—yourself."

The Sieur Hivert looked sheepish and left the room, and through the half-open door my wife could see, behind the well-fed, well-clothed, and bald Commissary, seven or eight poor raw-boned devils, wearing dirty coats which reached to their feet, and shocking old hats jammed down over their eyes—wolves led by a dog. They examined the room, opened here and there a few cupboards, and went away, with a sorrowful air, as Isidore said to me.

The Commissary Hivert, above all, hung his head; he raised it, however, for one moment. Isidore, indignant at seeing these men thus hunt for his master in every corner, ventured to defy them. He opened a drawer and said, "Look and see if he is not in here!" The Commissary of Police darted a furious glance at him: "Lackey, take care!" The lackey was himself.

These men having gone, it was noticed that several of my papers were missing. Fragments of manuscripts had been stolen, among others, one dated July, 1848, and directed against the military dictatorship of Cavaignac, and in which there were verses written respecting the Censorship, the councils of war, and the suppression of the newspapers, and in particular respecting the imprisonment of a great journalist—Émile de Girardin:

> ....O honte, un lansquenet
> Gauche, et parodiant César dont il hérite,
> Gouverne les esprits du fond de sa guérite!

These manuscripts are lost.

The police might come back at any moment; in fact, they did come back a few minutes after I had left. I kissed my wife; I would not wake my daughter, who had just fallen asleep, and I went down stairs again. Some affrighted neighbors were waiting for me in the court-yard. I cried out to them, laughingly, "Not caught yet!"

A quarter of an hour afterward I reached No. 10 Rue des Moulins. It was not then eight o'clock in the morning, and, thinking that my colleagues of the Committee of Insurrection had passed the night there, I thought it might be useful to go and fetch them, so that we might proceed all together to the Salle Roysin.

I found only Madame Landrin in the Rue des Moulins. It was thought that the house was denounced and watched, and my colleagues had changed their quarters to No. 7 Rue Villedo, the house of the ex-Constituent Leblond, legal adviser to the Workmen's Association. Jules Favre had passed the night there. Madame Landrin was breakfasting. She offered me a place by her side, but time pressed. I carried off a morsel of bread and left.

At No. 7 Rue Villedo the maid-servant who opened the door to me ushered me into a room where were Carnot, Michel de Bourges, Jules Favre, and the master of the house, our former colleague, Constituent Leblond.

"I have a carriage down stairs," I said to them. "The rendezvous is at the Salle Roysin, in the Faubourg St. Antoine; let us go."

This, however, was not their opinion. According to them, the attempts made on the previous evening in the Faubourg St. Antoine had revealed this portion of the situation. They sufficed; it was useless to persist; it was obvious that the working-class districts would not rise; we must turn to the side of the tradesmen's districts, renounce our attempts to rouse the extremities of the city, and agitate the centre. We were the Committee of Resistance, the soul of the insurrection. If we were to go to the Faubourg St. Antoine, which was occupied by a considerable force, we should give ourselves up to Louis Bonaparte. They reminded me of what I myself had said on the subject the previous evening in the Rue Blanche. We must immediately organize the insurrection against the *Coup d'État*, and organize it in practicable districts, that is to say, in the old labyrinths of the streets St. Denis and St. Martin; we must draw up Proclamations, prepare decrees, create some method of publicity; they were waiting for important communications from Workmen's Associations and Secret Societies. The great blow which I wished to strike by our solemn meeting at the Salle Roysin would prove a failure; they thought it their duty to remain where they were; and the Committee being few in number, and the work to be done being enormous, they begged me not to leave them.

They were men of great hearts and great courage who spoke to me; they were evidently right; but for myself I could not fail to go to the rendezvous which I myself had fixed. All the reasons which they had given me were good, nevertheless I could have opposed some doubts, but the discussion would have taken too much time, and the hour drew nigh. I did not make any objections, and I went out of the room, making some excuse. My hat was in the antechamber, my *fiacre* was waiting for me, and I drove off to the Faubourg St. Antoine.

The centre of Paris seemed to have retained its every-day appearance. People came and went, bought and sold, chatted and laughed, as usual. In the Rue Montorgueil I heard a street organ. Only on nearing the Faubourg St. Antoine the phenomenon which I had already noticed on the previous evening became more and more apparent; solitude reigned, and a certain dreary peacefulness.

We reached the Place de la Bastille.

My driver stopped.

"Go on," I said to him.

II.

FROM THE BASTILLE TO THE RUE DE COTTE.

THE Place de la Bastille was at the same time empty and filled. Three regiments in battle array were there; not one passer-by.

Four harnessed batteries were drawn up at the foot of the column. Here and there knots of officers talked together in a low voice—sinister men.

One of these groups, the principal, attracted my attention. That one was silent; there was no talking. There were several men on horseback; one in front of the others, in a general's uniform, with a hat surmounted with black feathers; behind this man were two colonels, and behind the colonels a party of *aides-de-camp* and staff officers. This lace-trimmed company remained immovable, and as though pointing like a dog between the column and the entrance to the Faubourg. At a short distance from this group, spread out, and occupying the whole of the square, were the regiments drawn up and the cannon in their batteries.

My driver again stopped.

"Go on," I said; "drive into the Faubourg."

"But they will prevent us, Sir."

"We shall see."

The truth was that they did not prevent us.

The driver continued on his way, but hesitatingly, and at a walking pace. The appearance of a *fiacre* in the square had caused some surprise, and the inhabitants began to come out of their houses. Several came up to my carriage.

We passed by a group of men with huge epaulets. These men, whose tactics we understood later on, did not even appear to see us.

The emotion which I had felt on the previous day before a regiment of cuirassiers again seized me. To see before me the assassins of the country, at a few steps, standing upright in the insolence of a peaceful triumph, was beyond my strength; I could not contain myself. I drew out my sash. I held it in my hand; and, putting my arm and head out of the window of the *fiacre*, and shaking the sash, I shouted:

"Soldiers! Look at this sash! It is the symbol of Law, it is the National Assembly visible. Where this sash is, there is Right. Well, then, this is what Right commands you. They deceive you. Go back to your duty. It is a Representative of the People who is speaking to you, and he who represents the People represents the Army. Soldiers, before becoming soldiers you have been peasants, you have been workmen, you have been and you are still citizens. Citizens, listen to me when I speak to you. The Law alone has the right to command you. Well, to-day the law is violated. By whom? By you. Louis Bonaparte draws you into a crime. Soldiers, you who are Honor, listen to me, for I am Duty. Soldiers, Louis Bonaparte assassinates the Republic. Defend it. Louis Bonaparte is a bandit; all his accomplices will follow him to the galleys. They are there already. He who is worthy of the galleys is in the galleys. To merit fetters is to wear them. Look at that man who is at your head, and who dares to command you. You take him for a general; he is a convict."

The soldiers seemed petrified.

Some one who was there (I thank this generous, devoted spirit) touched my arm, and whispered in my ear, "You will get yourself shot."

But I did not heed, and I listened to nothing.

I continued, still waving my sash:

"You, who are there, dressed up like a general, it is you to whom I speak, Sir. You know who I am; I am a Representative of the People, and I know who you are. I have told you you are a criminal. Now, do you wish to know my name? This is it."

And I called out my name to him.

And I added:

"Now tell me yours."

He did not answer.

I continued:

"Very well; I do not want to know your name as a general, I shall know your number as a galley-slave."

The man in the general's uniform hung his head, the others were silent. I could read all their looks, however, although they did not raise their eyes. I saw them cast down, and I felt that they were furious. I had an overwhelming contempt for them, and I passed on.

What was the name of this general? I did not know then, and I do not know now.

One of the apologies for the *Coup d'Etat*, in relating this incident, and characterizing it as "an insensate and culpable provocation," states that "the moderation shown by the military leaders on this occasion did honor to General ——." We leave to the author of this panegyric the responsibility of that name and of this eulogium.

I entered the Rue du Faubourg St. Antoine.

My driver, who now knew my name, hesitated no longer, and whipped up his horse. These Paris coachmen are a brave and intelligent race.

As I passed the first shops of the main street, nine o'clock sounded from the Church of St. Paul.

"Good," I said to myself, "I am in time."

The Faubourg presented an extraordinary aspect. The entrance was guarded, but not closed, by two companies of infantry. Two other companies were drawn up in echelons farther on, at short distances, occupying the street, but leaving a free passage. The shops, which were open at the end of the Faubourg, were half closed a hundred yards further up. The inhabitants, among whom I noticed numerous workmen in blouses, were talking together at their doors, and watching the proceedings. I noticed at each step the placards of the *Coup d'État* untouched.

Beyond the fountain which stands at the corner of the Rue de Charonne the shops were closed. Two lines of soldiers extended on either side of the street of the Faubourg on the curb of the pavement; the soldiers were stationed at every five paces, with the butts of their muskets resting on their hips, their chests drawn in, their right hand on the trigger, ready to bring to the present, keeping silence in the attitude of expectation. From that point a piece of cannon was stationed at the mouth of each of the side streets which open out of the main road of the Faubourg. Occasionally there was a mortar. To obtain a clear idea of this military arrangement one must imagine two rosaries, extending along the two sides of the Faubourg St. Antoine, of which the soldiers should form the links and the cannon the beads.

Meanwhile my driver became uneasy. He turned round to me and said, "It looks as though we should find barricades out there, Sir; shall we turn back?"

"Keep on," I replied.

He continued to drive straight on.

Suddenly it became impossible to do so. A company of infantry, ranged three deep, occupied the whole of the street, from one pavement to the other. On the right there was a small street. I said to the driver:

"Take that turning."

He turned to the right, and then to the left. We turned into a labyrinth of streets.

Suddenly I heard a shot.

The driver asked me:

"Which way are we to go, Sir?"

"In the direction in which you hear the shots."

We were in a narrow street. On my left I saw the inscription above a door, "Grand Lavoir," and on my right a square with a central building

which looked like a market. The square and the street were deserted. I asked the driver:

"What street are we in?"

"In the Rue de Cotte."

"Where is the Café Roysin?"

"Straight before us."

"Drive there."

He drove on, but slowly. There was another explosion, this time close by us; the end of the street became filled with smoke. At the moment we were passing No. 22, which has a side door, above which I read, "Petit Lavoir."

Suddenly a voice called out to the driver:

"Stop!"

The driver pulled up, and the window of the *fiacre* being down, a hand was stretched toward mine. I recognized Alexandre Rey.

This daring man was pale.

"Go no further," said he; "all is at an end."

"What do you mean—all at an end?"

"Yes; they must have anticipated the time appointed. The barricade is taken; I have just come from it. It is a few steps from here, straight before us."

And he added,

"Baudin is killed."

The smoke rolled away from the end of the street.

"Look," said Alexandre Rey to me.

I saw, a hundred steps before us, at the junction of the Rue de Cotte and the Rue St. Marguerite, a low barricade, which the soldiers were pulling down. A corpse was being borne away.

It was Baudin.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CHINESE IN AMERICA.

SAN FRANCISCO is by no means the only city on the Pacific side of this continent which is troubled with the Chinese problem. Industrious, frugal, and quietly persistent, "John" is to be found wherever there is work of any kind to be done, and is always willing to do it cheaper than Americans or European emigrants. His wants are fewer, his ambition less, than theirs, and he is oftentimes content with quarters and fare at which a well-bred and respectable dog would turn up his nose.

Our illustrations on page 1025 show the Chinese quarters in Virginia City, Nevada, and will give our readers a good idea of the life and habits of the emigrants from the Celestial Empire. They turn their hands to any kind of work. In San Francisco the manufacture of cigars may be said to have passed entirely into their hands, several thousand being employed in this branch of industry alone. Originally knowing nothing about boot and shoe making, they have made such rapid strides in this trade that no other class of workmen are able to compete with them. As carpenters, manufacturers of furniture, and workers in all kinds of wood, they have crowded out an army of white laborers. With all the uses of the sewing-machine they have become familiar, willingly and untiringly working at one twelve and often fourteen hours without cessation.

Many hundreds of Chinamen are employed in laundry-work, generally under a system whereby the item of shop rent is reduced to the most economical figure. Two wash firms occupy the same premises and use the same tubs and materials, one firm working during daylight, and at dark surrendering the shop to the other, who occupy and use it until morning. By this system there is also a saving in water and fuel. As a general thing, Chinese laundrymen are better ironers than washers. They have a novel method of sprinkling clothing when getting it ready for the ironing table. Filling the mouth with water, it is ejected upon the garment in the form of spray, being distributed more evenly by this process than by the usual hand sprinkling.

There are quite a number of Chinamen in San Francisco who are reputed to be worth from $100,000 to $200,000, made by patient and parsimonious saving. They are not fond of display, nor do they possess the ambition for improvement which distinguishes Americans. When a Chinaman is able to purchase a house in the "quarter," he will "honey-comb" the interior as much as possible, making four or more rooms out of one, and fitting them up in such a way as only a Mongolian would endure.

THE HON. JOHN M. HARLAN.

THE HON. JOHN MARSHALL HARLAN, of Louisville, Kentucky, the new Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, is in the prime of manhood—forty-four. He was born in Boyle County, Kentucky, in 1833, and received his education at Centre College, in that State, whence he graduated in 1850. He is by many regarded as the best orator in Kentucky. His father was long prominent in Kentucky politics, having been in Congress, Secretary of State, and Attorney-General. The son took an early start in public life, and was elected Attorney-General at the age of thirty. He is one of the ablest lawyers in the State. His appearance is striking—six feet high, deep chest, broad shoulders, massive, lofty forehead, and good-humored, expressive blue eyes. His portrait is given on page 1033.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

NEW YORK glitters in holiday dress. Broadway holds an eager, moving throng from early morning hours until after the sunset gun warns of quickly coming darkness. The business avenues are alive into late evening hours. The shops glow and sparkle with every thing useful and beautiful which imagination can conceive. The sidewalks are converted into temporary bazars for the display of curious and grotesque novelties to tempt the passer-by. Never does our city present such a brilliant appearance as during the fortnight before New-Year's. It is well for the thousands whose heads and hands are full of business all the year to relax a little at this time, if it be possible, and allow æsthetic pleasures to soften and brighten their lives. Those who, by the sudden turn of fortune's wheel during the past year, find themselves in restricted circumstances, need not gloomily withdraw into their own hearts, as having no part or lot in Christmas. It is the time to be happy. Let those purchase who are able; let those who are not, contentedly and heartily enjoy the many beautiful things which are now freely displayed to public view.

The children of our city who have been reared amid wealth, and even those who have had only comfortable, not luxurious, homes, have been looking forward to the holidays as the time when their stock of toys will be replenished. The old ones, it may be, are worn and broken, and look unattractive to eyes accustomed to better things. But there are thousands of little ones to whom these old toys would be most welcome gifts. Do not throw them away, nor tuck them away upon the high shelf. Do you not personally know some toyless children? If not, an appeal has been made in behalf of the poor little ones of the New York Infant Asylum, corner of Sixty-first Street and Tenth Avenue, and the St. Mary's Hospital for Sick Children, No. 407 West Thirty-fourth Street. Any gifts of toys, books, or clothes sent to these institutions will be most welcome. Or the contributions will be received by Mrs. Barrow, at her residence, No. 30 East Thirty-fifth Street.

The excise war has been fierce and long-continued. Every thing about the law seems to be in a "muddle." Battles that accomplish nothing are a clear loss on both sides.

The catalogue of the Paris Exhibition is to be printed at government expense at the national printing-office in Paris.

Among the numerous curiosities in the bric-à-brac room at the Loan Collection of Decorative Art are two Sèvres vases once belonging to Louis XVI., painted to commemorate the birth of the Dauphin; a vase given by Queen Anne to Colonel Peter Schuyler in 1710, and pronounced at the Paris Exhibition to be the finest specimen of Queen Anne silver; a huge drinking cup that once belonged to John Paul Jones; a jug that was brought to America in the *Mayflower*; a tea-pot and cream-jug belonging to Lady Rachel Russell, whose husband was beheaded in the time of Charles II.; a monogram of Peter the Great and Catharine, surmounted by the imperial crown, bearing on the reverse side a portrait of the Czarina; a cup and saucer and cover of imperial egg-shell, presented to President Lincoln by the Tycoon of Japan. To those interested in the mysteries of lace, the West Room at the Academy of Design has wonderful attractions. Among its curiosities are a veil from the trousseau of the Princess Elizabeth of England, daughter of George III., and Landgravine of Hesse-Homburg; an Italian point silk lace, in possession of the ducal family of Parma until the Revolution of 1857, when it was bought from the Duchess of Parma; a piece of lace and a lace collar made for Marie Antoinette, and given to her by the city of Venice; a piece of antique lace containing representations of birds and animals, supposed to be Genoese tape guipure; an old Italian lace, representing Adam and Eve; a piece of cap (Fanchon) Venice point, the origin of which was the imitation of coral brought home to a lace-worker (in point coupé) by her sailor lover, when she declared she would make something more beautiful than this with her needle.

For several centuries past the election of a new Pope has been by the College of Cardinals, which consists of six cardinal bishops and sixty-four cardinal priests and bishops. Every cardinal has a right to vote, and all who are in Rome may attend the Conclave, which is held ten days after the death of any Pope, and take part in the election. This Conclave is held in the Vatican, and the cardinals who attend it are forbidden any communication with the outside world until the new Pope is chosen.

Professor Brumidi, who has been employed in frescoing the walls and ceilings of the Capitol at Washington, is now eighty years of age.

The casting of the parts of the statue of "Liberty Lighting the World," designed as a gift of France to America, is rapidly progressing in Paris.

During November, 26,885,500 postal cards were sold—more than in any other single month since the cards were introduced.

They have reduced whipping to a system in the public schools of certain Connecticut towns. Whenever teachers inflict corporal punishment, they are obliged to send the pupil to the school superintendent with a certificate explaining the offense for which the punishment was inflicted, the instrument used, and the number of blows struck. This arrangement tends to make teachers think twice before they strike once.

There are indications of increasing severity of temperature in several parts of the world. The climate of Iceland is growing so cold that grain scarcely ripens there. The cause is supposed to be the steady descent of ice from the north upon the shores of Iceland. The climate of Greenland was once milder than at present, and ice is found farther south in the Atlantic than formerly.

A railroad branch of the Young Men's Christian Association has been organized at Keyser, West Virginia. It is the purpose of the new association to provide a reading-room for the men employed by the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and to hold religious meetings for them.

Among novelties constructed of paper is a chimney for a factory at Breslau, Long Island. It is fifty feet high, and rendered fire-proof and impervious to water by a chemical preparation. Next we may expect stoves and grates made of paper.

Since the close of the war the American Colonization Society has sent to Liberia over three thousand colored persons, and next January another expedition will be dispatched. Applications for passage and settlement are constantly received by the society from those who are earnestly desirous of emigrating.

There is a firm in Brooklyn that has contracted to make 30,000 steam-engines, and is now turning them out at the rate of 800 a day. You don't believe it? Nevertheless it is true, and we recently saw a specimen engine. It is about four inches high and an inch and a half wide, all complete in working order, with an accompanying furnace—that is to say, a tiny spirit-lamp—with which to heat the boiler, and all nicely packed in a box. When 30,000 of these curious little toys are completed, they are to be "given away," after the fashion of chromos, to the subscribers to a new child's newspaper.

It has been very justly remarked that "nothing which does not possess an intrinsic excellence which has been recognized by the American public ought to be displayed in our section of the new *Palais d'Industrie* on the banks of the Seine." But textile fabrics of all kinds, silver and plated ware and real jewelry, pianos, carriages, chemical products, leather goods, hardware, artistic furniture, marbleized slate mantels, cutlery, tools, watches, specimens of printing and book-binding, food preparations—such may be exhibited with credit; and our numerous labor-saving machines will be a revelation to foreign mechanics.

An earnest "Christmas appeal" is made for the poor children whose special needs are known to, and as far as possible relieved by, the Children's Aid Society. In this great city thousands of children are homeless, or worse than homeless. Last year 3808 of these were sent to good homes, chiefly in the West. Fifty dollars will place three destitute children in good Western homes. What better Christmas gift could a poor child receive than a *home*? Many persons could easily give fifty dollars toward this good object, and never miss the money; others could give something, and influence their friends to do the same. It will not be amiss, also, to bear in mind at this Christmas-time that one hundred dollars will give one hundred hungry children hot dinners for two months of the coming cold winter, that one hundred dollars will put shoes on the bare feet of seventy-five children, and that fifty dollars will give a Christmas dinner to two hundred homeless boys and girls. Very many can not give one hundred or even fifty dollars; but perhaps they can give a fraction of a home or of a dinner, or do something toward a pair of shoes, by their timely contribution. Donations in money may be sent to any one of the following officers of the Children's Aid Society: William A. Booth, president, 100 Wall Street; George S. Coe, treasurer, American Exchange National Bank, 126 Broadway; C. L. Brace, secretary, 19 East Fourth Street, New York. Clothing or provisions may be sent to 19 East Fourth Street.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

DECEMBER, 1877.

Sunday, 30.—Sunday after Christmas.

JANUARY, 1878.

Tuesday, 1.—Circumcision.
Sunday, 6.—Epiphany.
Sunday, 13.—First Sunday after Epiphany.
Sunday, 20.—Second Sunday after Epiphany.
Friday, 25.—Conversion of St. Paul.
Sunday, 27.—Third Sunday after Epiphany.

THE rumors of the approaching death of the Pope have again drawn attention to the probable result of the meeting of the cardinals to elect his successor. Signor BONGHI, a member of the Italian House of Deputies, and formerly Minister of Public Instruction, in a volume just published, examines the composition of the Apostolic College, and draws therefrom some important inferences. In 1872 the number of cardinals was forty-five; since that year the Pope has created thirty-five new ones. Death has been busy among them, but there are still sixty-two, or eight less than the full number of seventy. At the Consistory announced for December 17, and the succeeding one to be held December 20, it was expected, should the Pope live so long, that more cardinals would be created. Signor BONGHI notices the fact that the members recently added have increased the proportion of foreigners in the college. He says that of the forty-five living in 1872 only thirteen were foreigners; of the present sixty-two the foreigners are twenty-six in number. The Italians are now fewer than two-thirds of the whole, and it requires a majority of two-thirds to elect a Pope. It is conjectured, therefore, by Signor BONGHI that the Pope may not be unwilling to prepare the way for a change of policy to follow upon his death. Such a change can be more peacefully adopted by a Pope who is not an Italian. The Italian cardinals named as likely to prove successful candidates are MORICHINI, DE LUCA, BILIO MONACO LA VALETTA, SIMEONI, and PECCI.

Since achieving his legal triumph, the Rev. Mr. TOOTH has written a letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury, in which he claims that he has been fully vindicated by the Court of Queen's Bench. His original contention was that a new jurisdiction had been imposed upon the Church, to which he could not in conscience submit. He, however, retires from the struggle. "My health," he says, "is broken, and I am content to resign my benefice, and to devote myself for the immediate present to the extension of my orphanage work at Croydon." The Archbishop of Canterbury, in a memorandum of points which he has published in the *Times*, considers it "unfortunate that ecclesiastical causes even more than civil seem to be liable to miscarriage on technical points." The effect of the victory of Mr. TOOTH has been to shake confidence in the efficacy of the Public Worship Regulation Act as a means of suppressing ritualism.

Mr. MOODY's meetings in Providence approach in numbers attending those of last winter. Monday evening, December 3, a young men's meeting was held; Tuesday evening a men's meeting was densely crowded. Dr. BEHRENDS and Dr. TAYLOR led the two overflow services.

A very prompt method was adopted by the *Congregationalist* for discovering the drift of theological opinion in the churches. In order to ascertain if there is any departure by Congregationalists from the orthodox doctrine of future punishment, circulars of inquiry were addressed to one hundred ministers in twenty-three States. The ministers selected were men whose testimony would have weight. Eighty have replied. Of this number sixty-seven, or more than eighty-three per cent., "testify unequivocally that in their judgment, and so far as their observation extends, there has been no essential departure on the subject in question from the faith" of the Congregational body. Thirteen, or less than seventeen per cent., testify that "in their opinion there has been a more or less considerable modification in the views of Congregationalists on this subject."

The following is of interest at the present moment as a summary of the official life of the Pope. It is from the *République Française*. PIUS IX. has founded twenty-nine metropolitan churches, 130 episcopal chairs, three chairs *nullius diœceseos*, three apostolic legations, thirty-three apostolic vicarages, and fifteen apostolic prefectures. There are now in Europe 595 bishoprics and archbishoprics; in America, 72; in Africa, 1; in Asia, 10; in Australia and Polynesia, 21. There are 53 religious orders, 15 monastic orders, and 14 mendicant orders. Thirteen states are now represented at the Vatican; these are France, Austria, Spain, Bavaria, Belgium, Brazil, Chili, Peru, Costa Rica, Nicaragua, Portugal, Paraguay, and the principality of Monaco.

The course of opinion in Scotland is shown by a significant circumstance. All the rectors of the Scotch universities are now Liberals, and all of them were members of the late Liberal Administration. Mr. FORSTER is rector of Aberdeen, Lord HARTINGTON of Edinburgh, Mr. GLADSTONE of Glasgow, and Lord SELBORNE, just elected, of St. Andrews. Liberalism in Scotch politics implies an inclination toward the disestablishment of the Presbyterian Kirk.

The proposal made some time since by the Rev. ARTHUR MURSELL, of a closer union of English Baptists and Congregationalists, has led to a very intelligent discussion of the differences of faith and practice by which they are kept apart. The Rev. JOHN CLIFFORD, editor of the *General Baptist Magazine*, gives the following account of the present practice of the body which he represents: "I judge there were not more than a dozen General Baptist churches fifty years ago that would allow unbaptized persons to commune with them at the Lord's table. Now we have not a dozen rigidly enforcing that rule. The tendency of opinion is strongly in favor of treating baptism as an individual duty, incumbent upon the believer, and not as a term of church communion. Quakers may belong to Baptist churches, and, indeed, do. Wesleyans and Independents find ready access into such communions, and in not a few instances are found holding office."

Among the growing Churches in the South is the "Colored Methodist Episcopal Church," which has been organized since the war. It has now four bishops, 600 travelling preachers, 582 local preachers, and between 80,000 and 90,000 members. One of the bishops—LANE—is described as a native of Tennessee, forty-three years old, tall, erect, and showing in his general appearance a preponderance of Anglo-Saxon blood. He was a slave before the war, and never had the opportunity of attending school a day in his life. Despite the lack of early education, Bishop LANE is said to be a very capable administrative officer and a superior preacher.

At last accounts Father CURCI was at Florence, where he is preparing a statement of the recent events which have led to his separation from the society of Jesuits.

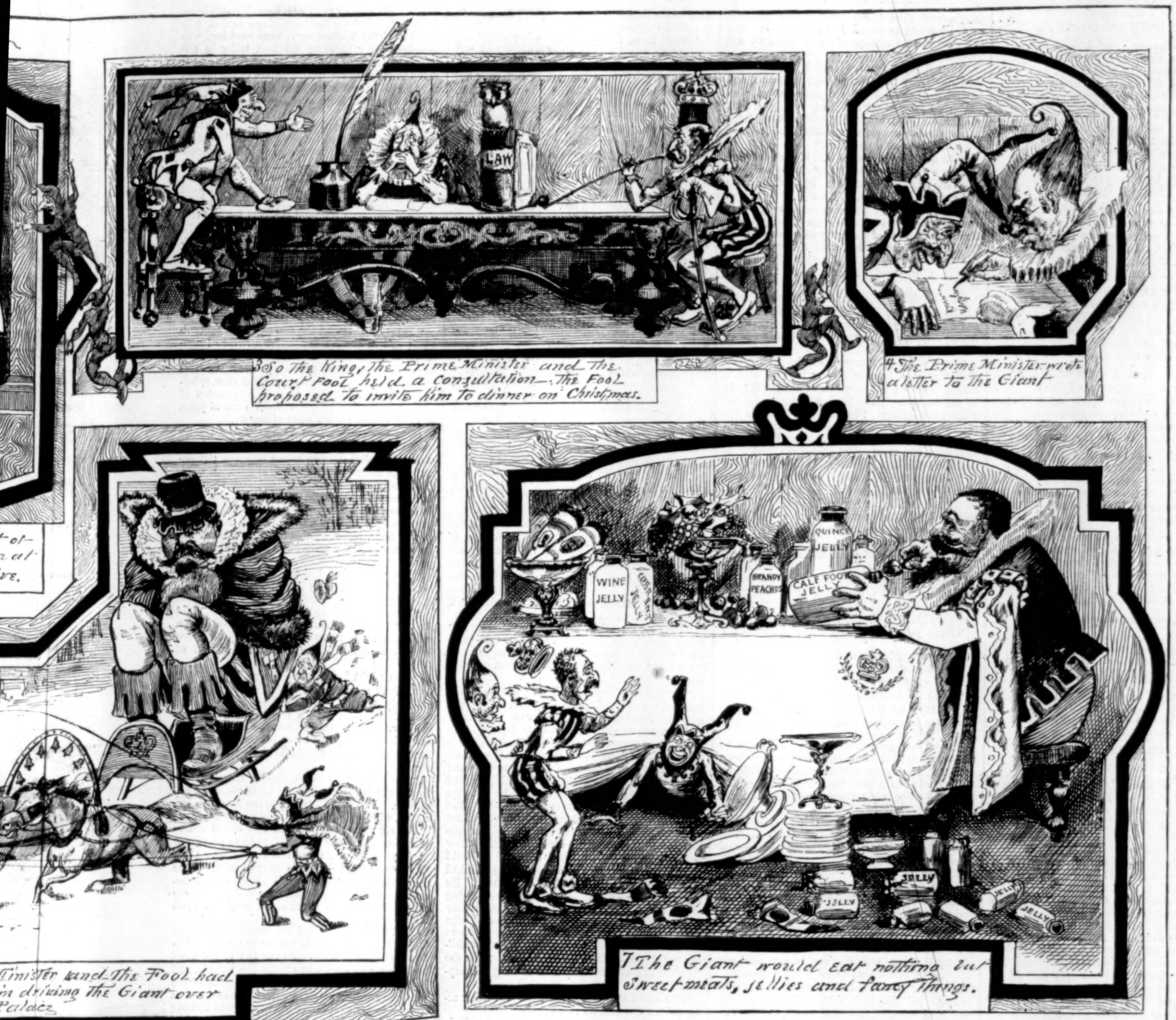
The Rev. JAMES H. ECCLESTON, D.D., of Newark, New Jersey, has been elected bishop of the newly formed diocese of West Virginia. The Rev. S. S. HARRIS, of Chicago, has been elected bishop of the new diocese of Quincy, Illinois. The Rev. Dr. KNICKERBACKER has declined the missionary bishopric of Arizona and New Mexico.

The comity of the denominations holding substantially the same doctrines, though differing in polity, becomes every year a topic of increasing importance. The practice of dividing the population of a small village into sections and sub-sections by as many churches, leaving each church to struggle for a precarious existence, and each pastor to battle with pinching poverty, has been universally condemned, but so far there has been a lack of either wisdom or energy to apply a remedy. In Connecticut a joint committee of Baptists, Methodists, and Congregationalists has been proposed to which may be referred all questions of comity. How far this appointment has been sanctioned by the governing or advisory bodies does not appear. It should be said, however, that the Congregational Conference of Connecticut is committed to the plan.

Mr. EDWARD KIMBALL has gone from New York to the First Congregational Church of Cambridge, Massachusetts, where, under the inspiration of his courage, $75,000 was raised to pay off a mortgage debt. Mr. KIMBALL has already helped twenty-six churches by prompting them to help themselves.

Old Catholicism has a representative in the Prussian Diet—Dr. PETRI, who is a speaker of great power. The ultramontanes have also a leader in the Diet of equal energy—REICHENSPERGER, who scarcely ever lets a chance of attacking the FALK laws escape him. Recently Dr. PETRI made a reply to the ultramontane champion which threw the Chamber into a great uproar. "Gentlemen," he asked, "shall I remind you of those encyclicals and briefs in which our laws have been pronounced invalid and our Constitution declared a delusion? Shall I mention the declaration of one of your own leaders at Malines, who said outright that ultramontanism knows no father-land but Rome? Is it at the present moment that you ask us to give free scope to such a system as this—at the moment when a great and intelligent nation is exposed by that system to the most terrible of conflicts, a civil war? Can you deny it that May 16, which has shaken France to her foundations, was the work of the Vatican?" It is said that when Dr. PETRI ended this pungent speech, "he received a storm of cheers and congratulations, mingled with plentiful hisses." Dr. FALK, the Cultus minister, said, very emphatically, "That the state must not consent even to consider the repeal of the May laws, and that in the present attitude of the ultramontane party a revision of them was impossible." Verily, Berlin is as adamantine as Rome, and it is not in an American to refrain from exclaiming, "Well done, Berlin!"

THE STORY OF A GIANT



GIANT.—[Drawn by Thomas Worth.]

A CHRISTMAS DREAM.

'TWAS Christmas-eve, snow drifting deep,
But all the house was warm and bright;
And grandmamma lay fast asleep,
The scarlet silk and laces white
Making a glow of tender grace
Over the calm and placid face,

Where smiles were flitting to and fro,
Where sudden lights and shadows fall.
"Children, step lightly and speak low,
And softly spread the fleecy shawl:
Her dreaming soul mayhap doth keep
Some fairer Christmas in its sleep."

Then quickly o'er the household steals
The hush of thoughtful, loving calm,
Until through waiting silence peals,
Like jubilant, triumphant psalm,
The ringing, singing bells that say,
"To-morrow, friends, is Christmas-day."

The sleeper woke, and lay serene
With claspèd hands upon her breast.
"Dear God," she said, "so sweet a dream!
Could it come true, I were so blest,
So blest! such Christmas feast to keep.
Ah, Mary, I have been asleep,

"And dreaming, dear—a wondrous dream:
I saw my home so strangely fair;
Its halls with such soft lights did gleam;
Its gardens were beyond compare;
And, lo! I heard a voice which said,
'Come, love, the Christmas feast is spread.'

"Your father's voice, dear child, I know;
It ringeth yet through heart and brain;
It called me fifty years ago,
Just so it called to-night again.
O faithful love! O blessed home!
Do I not weary till I come?"

She lay all night with wistful eyes,
To earthly love both deaf and dumb;
But just as dawn touched Christmas skies,
She cried aloud, "Sweet love, I come!"
And none could weep, for that they knew
Her happy Christmas dream was true.

[Published by Special Arrangement with the Author.]

AN OPEN VERDICT.

BY MISS M. E. BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "TAKEN AT THE FLOOD," "DEAD MEN'S SHOES," "JOSHUA HAGGARD'S DAUGHTER," "WEAVERS AND WEFT," ETC.

CHAPTER LIV.

MR. PIPER ASSERTS HIMSELF.

"YOU ride, of course," Captain Standish said to Bella, upon one of her Thursday afternoons, in the middle of September.

Bella blushed. She had never mounted a horse in her life.

"I am very fond of riding," she said.

"Have you ever ridden to hounds?"

"Do you mean hunted?" she asked, naïvely. "Oh no, never."

"Then you must begin this winter. I'll show you the way, and take care of you."

"I don't think Mr. Piper would let me hunt," said Bella, dubiously. "I've heard him abuse hunting ladies; and as he never rides himself—"

"What has that to do with it?" asked the captain, contemptuously. He had long cast off all semblance of respect in his manner of speaking about Mr. Piper. Bella had taken that first desperate step in a woman's downward course which a wife takes when she submits to hear her husband depreciated.

"What has Mr. Piper's taste to do with your pleasure? It would be very difficult to find a horse that would carry him, and I suppose he would ride in about as good form as a sack of coals. I should so like you to hunt with me, Isabel. You must make him buy you a good hunter."

Captain Standish was the only person who had ever called her Isabel. He had chosen to call her thus, in their confidential moments, because every one else called her Bella. The moment in which he had first spoken that name marked an epoch in her life. She could look back and remember. They were standing side by side under the big beech, she leaning on her bow, as she stopped to rest after a dozen shots, when he bent over her to take the arrow out of her hand, and praised her for her skill in archery.

"I am so proud of your progress, Isabel."

The name spoken tenderly, in a subdued voice, was as startling as a name whispered in a sleeper's ear.

"You must not call me by my Christian name, Captain Standish," she said, making her poor little protest, which he knew meant nothing.

"Yes, I must. It is the only name pretty enough for you. I have a choking sensation every time I have to call you Mrs. Piper."

So from that time forward he had called her Isabel whenever they found themselves alone.

"I don't think Mr. Piper would let me ride, much less hunt," said Bella, thoughtfully.

"Yes, he would. You know very well that you can twist him round your little finger."

"I should dearly love hunting," she said, with a vague idea of skimming over ploughed fields like a swallow, flying over fences upon a horse whose only desire was to jump.

"Get Piper to give his consent to your having a horse of your own, and let me choose one for you. I think you could trust my choice."

"Indeed I could," sighed Bella.

That idea of hunting had taken possession of her narrow little mind already. It seemed the one thing needful to her happiness, the one distinction necessary to raise her to the social pinnacle she was always trying to scale. It would bring her into familiar intercourse with the county people, and then her prettiness and pleasing manners would do the rest. In the hunting field she would stand alone, not borne down by Mr. Piper's vulgarity.

"I'll tell you how to manage Piper," said the captain. "Say that you are out of health, and that your doctor has ordered you to ride. You can make your doctor order any thing you like, you know. He'll take the hint if he sees you've set your heart upon riding, and he'll tell Piper that it's a matter of vital necessity."

Bella acted upon this idea. She was not so healthy a subject as Mrs. Piper as she had been when she was Miss Scratchell. She had languors and nervous headaches, and shooting pains and divers spasmodic or hysterical affections, which were unknown to her in the days of her poverty. Hard work and hard living are the best regimen for these disorders. Bella had plenty of leisure now for imaginary ailments, and really believed herself a peculiarly delicate piece of human mechanism.

She sent for Mr. Namby the day after this conversation with Captain Standish, and told him that she was feeling low and nervous, and that she feared there must be something radically wrong, something organic.

Now if the village surgeon had been attending Miss Scratchell he would have laughed such a notion to scorn; but this idea of organic disease in the mistress of the Park was not to be dismissed too lightly. The Park had been an important source of his income in the late Mrs. Piper's time, and he did not want the doors to be shut upon him now; so he smiled his most sympathetic smile, and gave a gentle sigh, the smile to re-assure, the sigh to express foreknowledge of every evil the Fates had in store for his patient; and then he put his two fingers gently upon Bella's wrist, looking at his watch the while as if a beat more or less in the minute were a matter of supreme importance.

"Thready," he said, shaking his head gravely.

"I have a weak pulse, have I not?" asked Bella. "I fancy I want exercise—open air—a more invigorating life. I drive a good deal; but there is not much exercise in that, you know."

"Very little," assented Mr. Namby.

"Don't you think riding might be good for me?"

"The very thing I was about to recommend."

"But I'm afraid Mr. Piper might not like me to ride," suggested Bella.

"From my knowledge of Mr. Piper's devotion to you, my dear madam, I feel assured that he would not oppose any thing likely to be of benefit to you," said Mr. Namby, with conviction.

"Then perhaps you will be kind enough to mention it to him. Stop and take your luncheon with us. He is generally at home for luncheon. I feel that I ought to do something, I am getting into such a low way. I began to fancy my heart was affected."

"If there really were any thing wrong about the heart, riding would be dangerous."

"Well, I dare say it is only indigestion, caused by want of exercise."

Mr. Namby staid to luncheon. His practice was not so extensive as to forbid his indulging himself with a little leisure once in a way. He had not enjoyed himself so much for a long time—indeed, not since Bella's wedding breakfast, at which he had been a humble guest, squeezed into a corner, a kind of Ultima Thule at the foot of the table, where very few people saw him, and where some of the best dishes never penetrated.

Mr. Piper happened to be in a particularly good humor. He had been speculating a little, by way of amusement, in woolen goods, and his venture had turned up trumps. He opened a bottle of his best Champagne for Mr. Namby—a rose-tinted liquor, that creamed and sparkled gently in the shallow glass, and did not run over in foolish, meaningless froth, like ginger-beer.

Mr. Namby took some curried lobster, and a mutton cutlet, and the breast of a partridge, and a Harrogate cheese, and a bunch of Mr. Piper's famous Alexandria Muscats, which had cost a small fortune to grow, and he had a very fair share of the rose-tinted Champagne, and after being thus regaled he declared with conviction that horsemanship was the one thing needed to restore Mrs. Piper to perfect health.

"Why, there's nothing the matter with her that I can see," exclaimed Mr. Piper, taking his wife's little hand and making a sandwich of it between two puffy paws. "She's as pretty as ever, and she's as plump as the partridges we've just eaten."

"These nervous disorders are very insidious," said Mr. Namby.

"What should make her nervous?"

"We've had so many parties," said Bella. "And your Great Yafford friends are so coarse and noisy. I always feel tired to death after an hour or two of their society. And we have been to so many of their wearisome dinners. Nothing wears me out like one of those stupid dinners, where we sit three hours at the table wondering when they will leave off bringing round dishes that nobody wants, except the people whose only pleasure in life is gluttony."

"Mrs. Piper has a very feeble pulse," said Mr. Namby, afer a lingering sip of Madeira. "She wants fresh air and vigorous exercise."

"She can go out walking. I dare say she has given way to laziness a bit since she's had three carriages at her command. It's a new sensation for her, poor little lass. She had to stir her stumps trudging backward and forward from here to the village every day when she was governess to my girls."

Bella was dumb with disgust and indignation. To have a husband who spoke of her thus—who made his pompous boast of having picked a pearl out of the gutter!

"I don't know about walking exercise," said Mr. Namby, who knew that his patient wanted a horse, and nothing but a horse; "that might possibly be too fatiguing for Mrs. Piper. Now riding is exercise without fatigue."

"Well, then, I suppose she must ride," exclaimed Mr. Piper, with an air of resignation. "If she has set her heart upon it, she'll do it, cost what it may. Yes, at the risk of breaking her neck, and an old fool's heart into the bargain. There never was such a girl for having her own way. Look at her now, Namby! Wouldn't you think she was the softest bit of pink and white womanhood that ever Mother Nature moulded, a gentle little puss that would sit on your lap and pur with good temper and contentment, a lump of softness and affection that never knew what it was to have a will of her own? That's what I thought before I married her. But I know better now. She's as hard as nails, and when she wants any thing she'll have it, if it was to cost you your fortune."

"I don't think I am asking for any thing very dreadful," said Bella. "A horse which may cost you a hundred pounds—"

"Oh, hang it!" cried Piper. "We've horses enough. If you must ride, you can ride one of the carriage-horses."

"A creature nearly seventeen hands high," exclaimed Bella, contemptuously. "I don't want to ride a camel. Pray say no more about it. It is Mr. Namby's idea that I ought to ride, not mine."

"Does she really want it?" asked the bewildered Piper, appealing to the surgeon.

"I think it might give her tone. There is a decided want of tone at present."

"There was no want of tone when she used to come every morning to teach my children. She used to look as fresh as a newly opened rose."

"She had not the cares of a large household upon her shoulders in those days," suggested Mr. Namby.

"The household doesn't trouble her. She isn't like poor Moggie, who fretted herself to fiddle-strings about sixpences. She's a born lady, is the duchess yonder. She sits in an easy-chair and reads novels, and lets the household take care of itself. If poor Moggie could rise from the grave and take a peep at our servants' hall—Well, it's a comfort she can't, for I'm sure she'd never go back again."

"Pray say no more," said Bella, getting up and going toward the door. "You have said more than enough already. I would not let you buy me a horse now if you were to go down on your knees to beg me."

"Hoity-toity!" cried Mr. Piper; but Bella had bounced out of the room, leaving him face to face with Mr. Namby, who, alarmed at the storminess of the domestic sky, made haste to depart.

Mr. Piper ordered the pony-carriage—his wife's pony-carriage—and drove himself to Great Yafford. This appropriation of Bella's carriage and ponies was an act of self-assertion on his part, and was meant as a kind of manifesto. He felt that the time had come when he must be master. But it was the wretchedest drive he had ever taken. The very road looked dreary, barren, and uncomfortable in the autumnal afternoon light. How fast the leaves were falling! how dull and cold every thing looked! Yes, assuredly, summer had gone. He had hardly noticed it till now. He loitered at his club while the ponies were being rested and fed, and contrived to be home rather late for dinner. He expected black looks from Bella when he went into the drawing-room where she was waiting, daintily dressed, with the unfailing novel open in her lap; but to his surprise she received him as pleasantly as if nothing had happened.

This mollified him, and he made no further attempt at self-assertion that evening.

"I hope you didn't want your ponies, little woman," he said. "I took 'em."

"My ponies," laughed Bella—"as if any thing I have were really mine! I am like the butterflies in the garden. I enjoy all the sweets, but I don't pay for them, and they don't belong to me."

"That's not true, Bella, and you know it," exclaimed Mr. Piper. "You haven't forgotten the marriage service. 'With all my worldly goods I thee endow.' I endowed you with my worldly goods, Bella, and, without wishing to hurt your feelings, I must say that so far you've made pretty free with 'em. But I see how it is, you're offended because I refused you a saddle-horse this morning. Well, perhaps it was rather mean of me, especially after I'd made a little bit of money by a side wind. But, you see, we've been spending a lot this year, and I began to feel it was time to pull in a bit. However, I've been talking to White, and he says the carriage-horses are too tall for a lady, and they might throw themselves forward from the habit of hanging on the collar; so never mind, my pet, you shall have a saddle-horse, and as far as a hundred pounds will go, you shall have a good one."

"No," said Bella, drawing herself up, "after what you said to-day, before Mr. Namby too—no doubt it's all over the village by this time—I wouldn't let you spend another sixpence upon me. You made me feel my dependence too keenly. You expected me to be quite a different kind of wife, yielding, subservient, without an idea of my own, like a Circassian slave, bought in the market-place. No, Mr. Piper, I am not such a degraded creature."

Mr. Piper had to supplicate before Bella would accept his offer of a hundred-guinea horse. He did not actually go down on his knees, but he humiliated himself to the uttermost, and the dinner which had been perilled by his late return was spoiled by this extra delay.

This was the end of Mr. Piper's first attempt at self-assertion.

CHAPTER LV.

CAPTAIN STANDISH CHOOSES A HORSE.

HAVING gained her point and secured the promise of a saddle-horse, Bella wasted no time in getting herself ready to ride him. She was far too wise a little woman to exhibit herself publicly on horseback before she had learned how to ride. She drove to Great Yafford early next morning, was measured for a habit by the best tailor in the town, and from the tailor's went to a riding-school in the suburbs, where the daughters of the plutocracy learned to sit straight in their saddles, and to take desperate leaps over a pole two feet from the tan floor.

Here Mrs. Piper arrived early enough to attire herself in a borrowed riding-habit, and to get an hour's private lesson before the daily class began.

"It is so very long since I've ridden," she said to the master—a being of hybrid aspect, in whom the swing and swagger of the drill-sergeant were curiously mixed with the distinctive graces of the circus rider—"my husband is afraid I might feel nervous on horseback."

"Is it very long, ma'am?" asked the master, with a view to the selection of an animal of exceptional docility.

"Well, yes," said Bella, who in her present stage of being had never ridden any thing more dangerous than a wooden rocking-horse; "it is rather a long time."

"Tame Cat," roared the master to his subordinate; and in about five minutes a horse of nondescript appearance—the kind of animal which seems to be grown on purpose for riding-masters and flymen—a creature with a straight neck, splay-feet, and a rat tail, but with an expression of patient long-suffering which, from a moral point of view, atoned for his want of beauty.

Bella was mounted on Tame Cat, the master mounted a tall ugly chestnut with a white blaze on his face, and the two horses began to circumambulate the barn-like building at a solemn walk. Then came the exciting canter, and then the mathematical trot, which was at first too much for even Bella's natural aptitude at doing every thing she particularly wanted to do. At the end of the hour, however, there was a marked improvement, and the master complimented his new pupil.

"You were a good deal out of practice, ma'am," he said, "but you'll get into it again nicely in a dozen lessons."

"I shall come every morning for a week," said Bella, "but you must teach me as much as you can in the shortest possible time. Suppose I were to take a double lesson, two hours instead of one?"

"You might find it too fatiguing."

"I don't mind fatigue a bit," answered Bella, curiously forgetful of her depressed state of health. "I shall take a two hours' lesson to-morrow. But, remember, you are not to tell any body about my coming here. It seems so foolish for a person of my age to be taking riding lessons."

"Lor' bless your heart, ma'am, there's ladies that come here old enough to be your grandmother. You should see them go round in the canter, with their poor old elbows waggling."

For six days Bella pursued this secret course of instruction. She contrived to have particular business in Great Yafford every morning. Once she went to carry a hamper of good things to the dear girls at the Misses Turk's, twice to her dress-maker, once to her milliner, once to change books at the library, once to make an early call upon Mrs. Wigzell.

Mr. Piper accompanied her sometimes, but she dropped him at his club, and he in no way interfered with her liberty. At the end of the week the habit was sent home from the tailor's, and Bella had learned to ride. She had jumped the pole successfully at its greatest altitude, and it seemed to her simple soul that there was nothing she could not achieve in the hunting field. She had learned to sit straight, to keep her right shoulder back, to trot easily round a corner. The riding-master dismissed her with an assurance that she was a first-rate horsewoman, which he could very well afford to do, as she had paid him a guinea a lesson and made him a present at parting.

"If you really mean me to have a horse, Mr. Piper, I think Captain Standish would be kind enough to choose one for me. You know what a judge he is."

"I've heard people say as much," assented Piper, "and I must confess he rides and drives pretty tidy cattle. But I don't see why I shouldn't choose your horse myself. It will be my money that'll have to pay for it, not Captain Standish's."

"My dear Mr. Piper, horses are so out of your line. You might choose some big clumsy creature—very handsome in his way, no doubt, like the Flemish dray-horses, but quite unsuited for me. And you know when you bought the bays you never noticed the splint in Juno's fore-leg."

"It wasn't my business," growled Mr. Piper. "I paid for a vet's opinion."

"Precisely, and got cheated in spite of him. Now Captain Standish is not like a veterinary surgeon. He'll get no commission. You had better let him choose a horse for me."

"Well, my dear, if you like him to do so, I've no objection. I've promised you a horse, and I won't go from my bargain. Come, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll write you a check for a hundred, and you and Standish can settle the business between you. If he's clever enough to get a good horse for seventy-five, you can spend the difference on a new gown. You're never tired of getting new gowns."

Mr. Piper wrote the check and went his way, with a mind untainted by jealousy. He trusted this pretty young wife of his with the guardianship of his honor as implicitly as he had trusted homely middle-aged Mrs. Piper the first. He knew that Bella was not faultless. He was far from feeling perfect satisfaction with all her ways. He knew that she was spending his money like water. But the hideous idea that she could dishonor him, were it only in thought, had not yet poisoned his peace.

The check was written on a Thursday, and in

the afternoon Captain Standish appeared among the commercial aristocracy who now recognized Mrs. Piper's Thursday afternoons as a pleasant way of wasting a couple of hours, airing their self-importance, and exercising their horses.

"Has Piper consented to your hunting this season?" asked the captain, eagerly.

He was just so much in love as to feel that the hunting field would be an arid waste without Bella.

"He has consented to my riding, and he has given me a hundred pounds to buy a horse. Here is the check, and if you really don't mind the trouble of choosing one—"

"You shall have the handsomest horse in Yorkshire," said the captain, putting the check in his waistcoat pocket.

"But a hundred pounds won't be enough for that, will it?" asked Bella. "One hears of such extravagant prices being given for horses, nowadays."

"It will be quite enough, as I shall manage."

"Ah, you are so clever about horseflesh! Our coachman says the horses you ride are something wonderful."

"I don't ride screws," said the captain, with a well-satisfied air.

He had a lofty pity for the poor creatures who had to ride any thing they could get, and be thankful, and to dress themselves respectably upon something under Brummel's minimum, eight hundred a year.

Early in the next week Bella received a little note from the captain, written at one of his London clubs.

"I have bought you a perfect hunter, the gem of Sir Lionel Hawtree's stud, sold at Tattersall's this afternoon. I shall bring him to you on Thursday morning. Be ready for a preliminary canter in the park. He is young, and full of playfulness, but without an atom of vice. He is quite the handsomest thing you ever saw—black as my hat, and with the sinews of a gladiator, as light as an antelope, and as strong as a lion. I long to see you mounted on him.

"Yours always, STEPHEN STANDISH."

Bella felt pleased, but slightly doubtful as to the advantage of such a combination of strength, playfulness, and agility. The horses she had ridden at Mr. Hammerman's Riding Academy had not been given to playfulness. Nor did she feel sure that a creature with gladiatorial sinews and leonine strength would be altogether the nicest thing to ride. She might be tired before he was. However, she was full of pride at the idea of having a horse of such distinguished beauty, and of being able to lord it over the Misses Porkman, who were very proud of their horsemanship, and very fond of talking about their hair-breadth 'scapes and ventures, and how they had taken it out of their horses, which, according to their own account, were of a very wild and dangerous breed. Bella had no doubt she would be able to take it out of the black. She was glad he was black. There is something so common about a bay. She could hardly rest till Thursday morning came. She went half a dozen times to the stables to see that the black's loose box was properly prepared, with its fringes and decorations of plaited straw, and all the newest improvements in stable fittings. She was walking up and down the broad gravel drive in front of the porch when the captain appeared, riding his handsome chestnut, followed by a groom, who led a creature so clothed and knee-capped and hooded, that nothing was visible but checked kerseymere. He appeared, further, to have a monstrous hump on his back, which gave him the appearance of a Bactrian camel.

"I should have ridden him over myself, but I would not bring him to you with the dust of the road upon him," said the captain, dismounting and shaking hands—a lingering hand-shake with a tender little pressure at the end. "Now, Dobbs, off with the clothes."

The black was stripped in a minute or two, and stood before them in all his beauty, a glossy-coated, thorough-bred, finely moulded creature, with a backward roll of his full eye, and an alert movement of his delicate ear, common to horses of his high breeding.

"Isn't he perfect?" asked the captain, contemplating his purchase with the eye of pride.

"He is lovely, and I don't know how to thank you," answered Bella, watching the black's restless eyeball; "but isn't he dreadfully high-spirited? You know I don't pretend to be a Diana Vernon."

"You could not do any thing badly if you tried," said the captain. "Don't be alarmed. Erebus has a lovely temper. With your light little hand on his snaffle, and with a comfortable bit in his mouth, he'll go as gently as a Shetland pony."

"Is he called Erebus?"

"Yes, he was sold under that name. You can change it if you like."

"No, I think it's rather a good name," answered Bella, patting Erebus's velvet nose—a liberty which he endured with perfect affability. "It isn't common."

The Misses Porkman's horses were called Prince and Daisy.

The cause of the hump-like appearance which had puzzled Bella was a very handsome side-saddle of quilted doeskin—quite the perfection of a saddle.

"I ventured to have him measured for a saddle directly I decided on buying him for you," explained the captain. "The saddlers had to work day and night to get it finished by yesterday evening. You must please to accept the saddle as my humble offering."

"Oh, I really couldn't," exclaimed Bella. "It's too good of you, but I'm sure Mr. Piper would not allow—"

"I'll answer for Mr. Piper's approval. And now run and put on your habit, and try Erebus's paces over that smooth bit of turf."

Bella ran away, and re-appeared in about ten minutes, looking the prettiest little huntress imaginable, perfectly dressed from the top of her neat chimney-pot to the point of her morocco boot. She had forgotten nothing.

Captain Standish lifted her into the saddle, gave her the reins, and then mounted by her side. They walked quietly to the stretch of turf, and then and there, the instant he felt the grass under his hoofs, Erebus bolted with his light burden.

She sat him splendidly, feeling as if her last hour was come. After making a wild circuit of a mile or so, he consented to be pulled up, and stood looking the image of innocence, when Captain Standish rode slowly up to him.

"I hope you didn't think me cruel for not riding after you," said the captain. "My horse would have only made him go faster. I saw you were mistress of him. He suits you to a nicety. But you shouldn't indulge him with that kind of spurt often. It isn't good form."

"N—no," faltered Bella, who had no more control over the black than she had over the hastening clouds in the autumn sky.

"Now we'll go for a ride over the moor, and you shall take it out of him," said the captain.

They went upon the moor, and the black took it out of Bella, for she went home after a two hours' ride more exhausted than she had ever felt in her life before.

There had been no opportunity even for the captain to breathe the sweet poison of his unhallowed love in his companion's ear, although they were alone together under the wide heaven. The black had absorbed the attention of both. He was a creature of infinite resources, and of as much variety as the serpent of old Nile. They never knew what he might be doing next.

"Do you really think I shall be able to hunt with him?" asked Bella, when she dismounted, faint and exhausted, at her own door.

"I'm sure of it. You have a first-rate seat. It's only your hands that want a little more education. When we have had half a dozen rides together you will be able to do what you like with Erebus. I would not have bought him for you if there had been an atom of vice in him. But before you ride him to hounds I'll hunt him a day or two myself, and see how he takes his fences."

"Perhaps that would be best," said Bella. "Mr. Piper is so nervous about my riding. Certainly Erebus is a most lovely creature. He must be very cheap for a hundred pounds."

"Well, yes," said the captain, smiling; "he may fairly be called a bargain at that price."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ST. NICHOLAS NIGHT.

THE St. Nicholas Society is one of the most venerable institutions of New York. Formally organized in 1835, and incorporated a few years later, it was the outgrowth of associations and traditions extending away back into old Knickerbocker times, and is therefore not to be classed among modern institutions. Its membership is restricted to the descendants of those who were residents of the city or State of New York prior to the year 1785; but at the annual dinner given in honor of the patron saint a certain number of favored guests are admitted from the outside world, who thus share in the benefit of one of the objects of the society—the promotion of social intercourse among the native citizens of New York.

This annual dinner is one of the pleasantest social events of the year, and happy is the man who is allowed to participate in these genial festivities. Through the courtesy of the officers we are this year enabled to give our readers a glimpse of this delightful gathering, which took place on the evening of the 6th of December, St. Nicholas Night, at DELMONICO'S. After the installation of the newly elected president, Mr. WILLIAM E. VERMILYE, and the other officers, a ceremony accompanied by much pleasantry, the trumpeter sounded the call for the procession to the dinner table. Four stalwart negroes in the gorgeous livery of the society preceded the trumpeter, who was also in livery, and then followed the stewards, and the president in his cocked hat and sash, and then the rest of the company promiscuously. The stewards were soon busy marshalling people to their seats, and after the asking of a blessing by the venerable Dr. VERMILYE, of the Collegiate Church, the dinner was assailed. The room was decorated with flags, and displayed opposite each other the coat of arms of the State and a colossal figure of St. Nicholas. The tables were handsomely dressed with natural flowers and small orange flags. The *menu* was printed upon orange paper, and the badges of the officers displayed the same gorgeous hue—all in honor of WILLIAM of Orange. On either side of the president sat the chaplains, the Rev. Dr. THOMAS E. VERMILYE and the Rev. Dr. NOAH H. SCHENCK, and at the same table were several prominent members and guests of the society.

After the dinner, which was excellent, of course, the customary pipes (made of orange clay, with long stems and a bowl representing the head of a president of St. Nicholas in a cocked hat) were distributed, and were soon filled with tobacco. The white clouds of smoke rose and swelled so that the face of the patron saint was seen dimly through the fragrant mist as he winked at his children. Then the trumpeter and the liveried darkies, followed by the stewards, entered the room again, by the main entrance, with the old gilt weather-cock presented to the society by WASHINGTON IRVING, and which once surmounted the Dutch Post-office, carried in solemn state in their midst, and deposited it in front of the president. This ceremony is represented in our engraving on page 1032. Three cheers were given for the old Dutch cock, and the remainder of the evening was devoted to toasts, speeches, and pipes. At a late hour the members and guests departed, each bearing with him a long, fragile pipe as a memento of the pleasant festivities.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE question of the food of the mackerel is a matter of interest to fishermen and naturalists, and we give the following list of the contents of the stomachs of twenty-five specimens caught in the early part of November off Fisher's Island by Captain H. C. CHESTER, and sent to the Smithsonian Institution at Washington. These, in the order of their abundance, were the anchovy, the sand-launce, the smelt, the hake, the northern barracuda, the frier, the silver-sides, and a variety of shrimp and crustaceans.

We briefly referred some time ago to the death of Mr. ROBERT SWINHOE, an eminent English naturalist, which took place in the early part of November, and promised still further particulars in regard to him. Mr. SWINHOE was born at Calcutta in 1836, and was educated in London, where he fitted himself for the diplomatic career, in which the greater part of his life was occupied. Most of his service was performed in China and Formosa, where he made many collections of both living and dead animals (the former principally sent to the Zoological Society of London), and he published many valuable memoirs on the natural history of the regions visited by him. A number of species of mammals and birds were first introduced to notice by him. Mr. SWINHOE was an invalid for some time, and returned to London a few years ago, where he died.

Mr. ALEXANDER AGASSIZ, it is understood, proposes to spend the winter in the prosecution of scientific research in the Florida seas, and will carry a line of dredgings and trawlings from Key West to Yucatan. Bearing in mind the very great success that has been experienced by the use of steel wire in taking soundings, he proposes to try the experiment of a steel rope $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches in diameter in the work of dredging and trawling. This he thinks, will reduce the friction to such a extent as to greatly diminish the time and power necessary in making a cast of the dredge.

The establishment of Professor HENRY A. WARD, of Rochester, for supplying geological models, plaster casts of extinct animals, etc., has been known for years, and the acquisition of a full series of these objects has been a frequent ambition of college and university museums.

Among the more recent additions to the stock of Professor WARD is a restoration of a European mammoth, a most gigantic object, measuring sixteen feet in height and twenty-six feet in length. This was modelled by MARTIN, of Stuttgart, and has long been celebrated in Europe for its colossal and majestic proportions.

A copy of the original has been supplied by Professor WARD to the geological museum of the University of Virginia, established by the liberality of the late Mr. BROOKS, of Rochester.

Attention has lately been called by Professor CHURCH to the destructive agency of gas upon the leather binding of books, morocco suffering least, calf rather more, and Russia worst of all. Vellum appears to be unaffected. The disintegration is most rapid in books on the upper shelves of the library, and the destructive influence of both coal and furnace gas appears to be due to the sulphuric acid produced by the combustion. In some cases the leather is reduced to the consistency of Scotch snuff.

We not long ago, in presenting an account of the observations of the Norwegian exploring vessel *Vöringen* during the summer of 1877, referred to the discovery of a cold water stratum between two others of decidedly higher temperature, this being quite contrary to the generally received opinion of physicists. A similar observation has been made in the Baltic and North seas by the German savants, and also by Professor HIND on the coast of Labrador.

We are reminded in this connection that Captain BELKNAP, of the United States steamer *Tuscarora*, in September, 1874, announced a similar discovery to the Navy Department as the result of his investigations in the North Pacific, a cold stratum having been found to exist quite near the surface, between the parallels of 49° and 52° N., and the meridians of 158° and 167° E. longitude. The upper part of the stratum, in one place showing a temperature of 33.7° F., was only twenty fathoms below the surface, while at ten fathoms below the surface the temperature was 41° F. At a depth of 100 fathoms the temperature was 32° F.; below that, to a depth of 200 fathoms, the range of temperature was from 34.5° to 38.7° F. The width of the cold stratum gradually narrowed to a point in an easterly direction from the coast, or on approaching the edge of the Japan stream, as shown in an accompanying chart.

A new candidate for public favor appears in *The Country*, a weekly journal devoted to the varied interests of sportsmen and naturalists. It is edited by Mr. WILLIAM M. TILESTON, formerly connected with *Forest and Stream*, a journal under the editorship of Mr. CHARLES HALLOCK, and having a similar scope.

The *Weather Review* of the Signal-office for the month of October considers as the most interesting features of that month the excess of rainfall, especially in the Gulf States; the continuation of high temperatures and low pressures, except in Canada; the very low water in the Upper Ohio and Mississippi; the heavy snows and early winter at high stations in the Rocky Mountains; the infrequency of thunder and lightning and auroras; the absence of frosts, and the remarkably mild autumn weather; and the almost entire absence of solar spots.

A French botanist, M. RODIER, has recently described some remarkable rhythmical movements which take place in a well-known water-plant, *Ceratophyllum demersum*. Taking the axis or stem at the moment when it is nearly erect, it is seen to bend regularly, curving more and more for about six hours, when it reaches its maximum of flexion; then straightening itself more slowly, it resumes its original position in about twelve hours. It next bends in a direction opposite to its first flexion, and in four hours it attains its maximum of inverse flexion, resuming its first position again in four hours. The total duration of a revolution is, therefore, about twenty-six hours. Light does not appear to have any influence on the movements, which were carried on with as much vigor when the light was partially or entirely cut off, when it was thrown, by means of a mirror, from the opposite direction, or when it was made to pass through red glass.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A NERVOUS man, whose life was made miserable by the clattering of two blacksmiths, prevailed upon each of them to remove by the offer of a liberal pecuniary compensation. When the money was paid down, he kindly inquired what neighborhood they intended to remove to. "Why, Sir," replied Jack, with a grin on his face, "Tom Smith moves to my shop, and I move to his."

A Connecticut Jonathan, in taking a walk with his dearest, came to a toll-bridge, when he, as honest as he was wont to be, said, after paying his own toll (which was one cent), "Come, Suke, you must pay your own toll, for jist as like as not I sha'n't have you, after all."

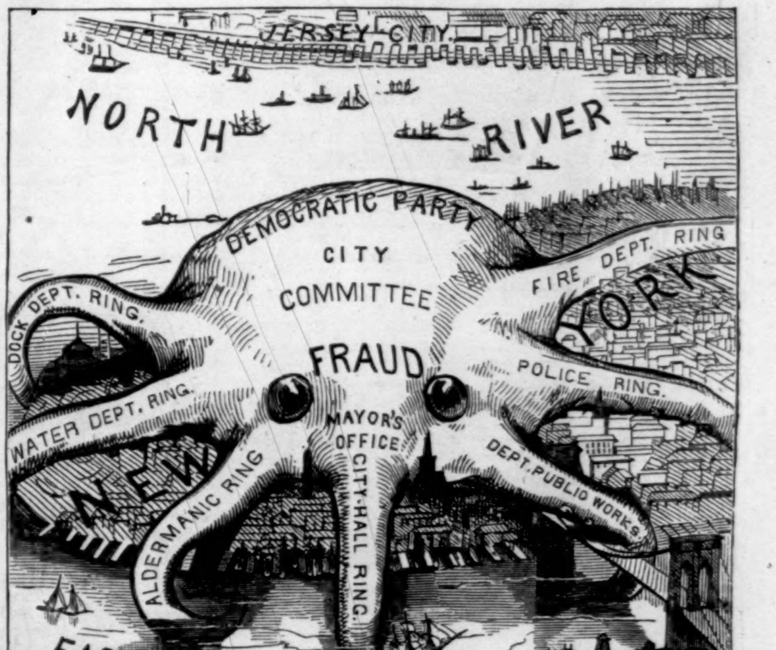
BREAKING THE SPELL.—He was kneeling at her feet and saying, "My precious sweet, life lingers to me as a petunia streaked with the glorious golden fretting of a soul which knoweth no love so—" "Oh, Henry," said she, "that's the cheese!"

For the matrimonially inclined: If you can not marry the girl you want, take the girl that wants you.

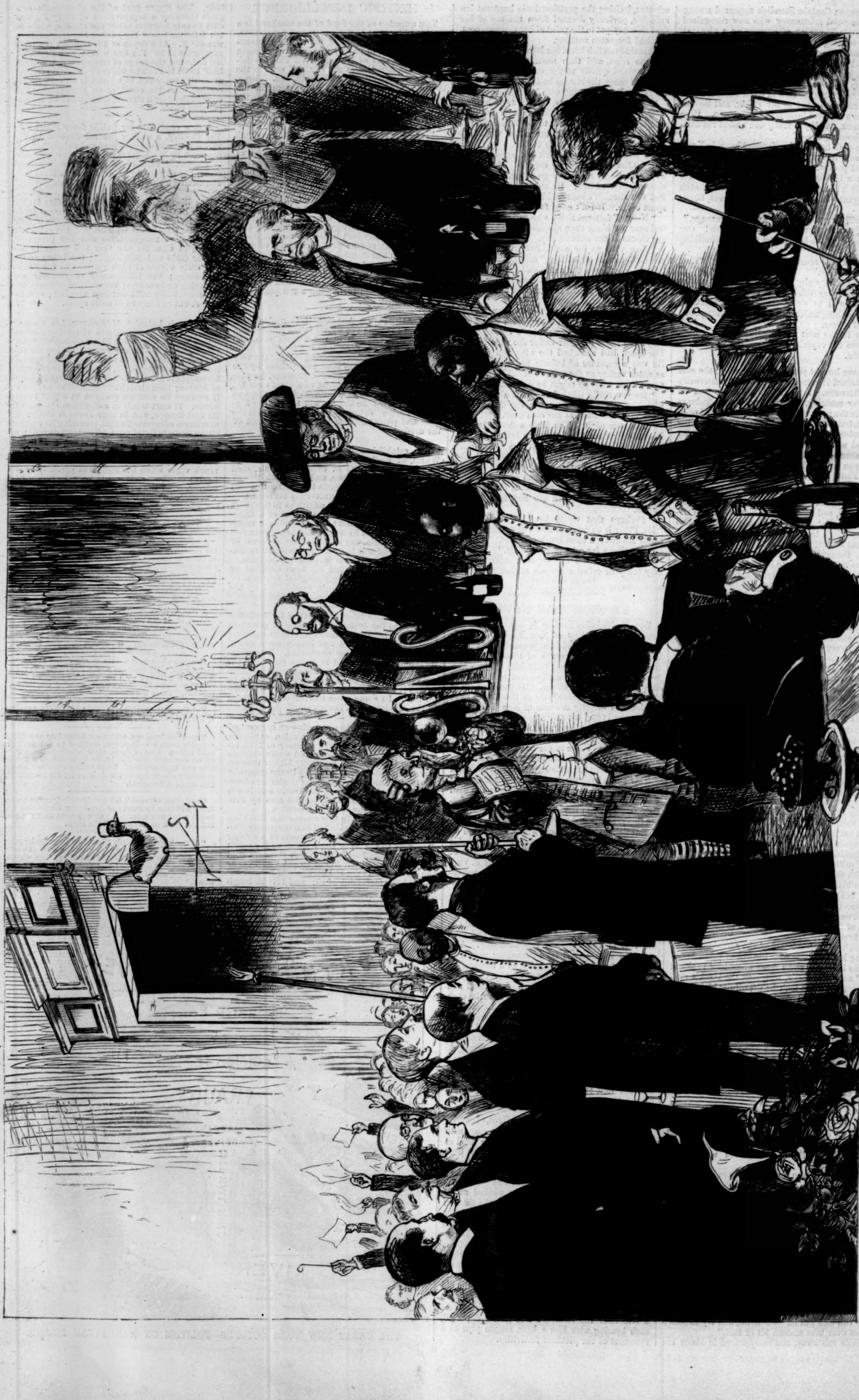
Two Troy brothers, who went home late one night recently from a celebration, disliked to arouse their aged father. One of them, after infinite pains, effected an entrance into the house by means of a grape-vine and back window. Then taking off his shoes, he stealthily descended to the door to let his brother in, and found it unlocked.

Gentlemen who can't tell a polonaise from an apron front will bear in mind the prevailing distinction between a hat and a bonnet. One is worn over the ear, and the other on the nape of the neck.

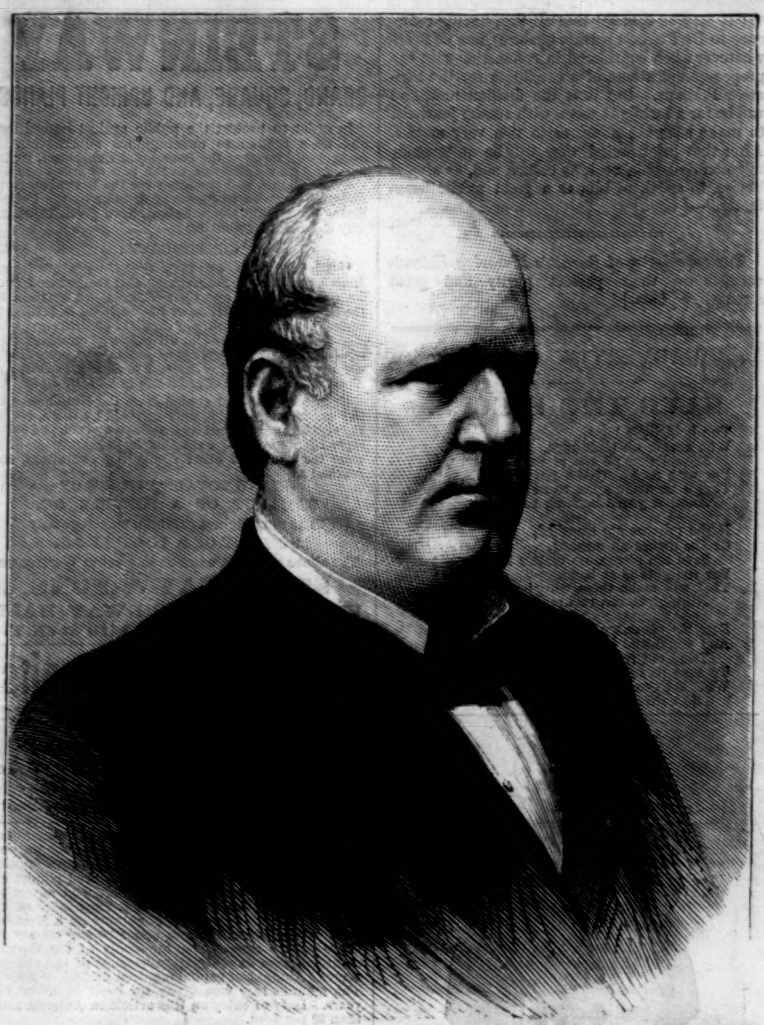
"Is my breakfast ready?" said an impatient young man who was trying to get his morning meal at a beer saloon. "Don't know," said the waiter; "I'll whistle up and see." "Heavens! no; don't do that. I ordered sausage, and if you whistle you'll have the whole lot down."



THE GREAT NEW YORK OCTOPUS—POLITICS ON MANHATTAN ISLAND.



ANNUAL DINNER OF THE ST. NICHOLAS SOCIETY OF NEW YORK—BRINGING IN THE OLD DUTCH WEATHER-COCK.—Drawn by E. A. Abbey.—[See Page 1031.]



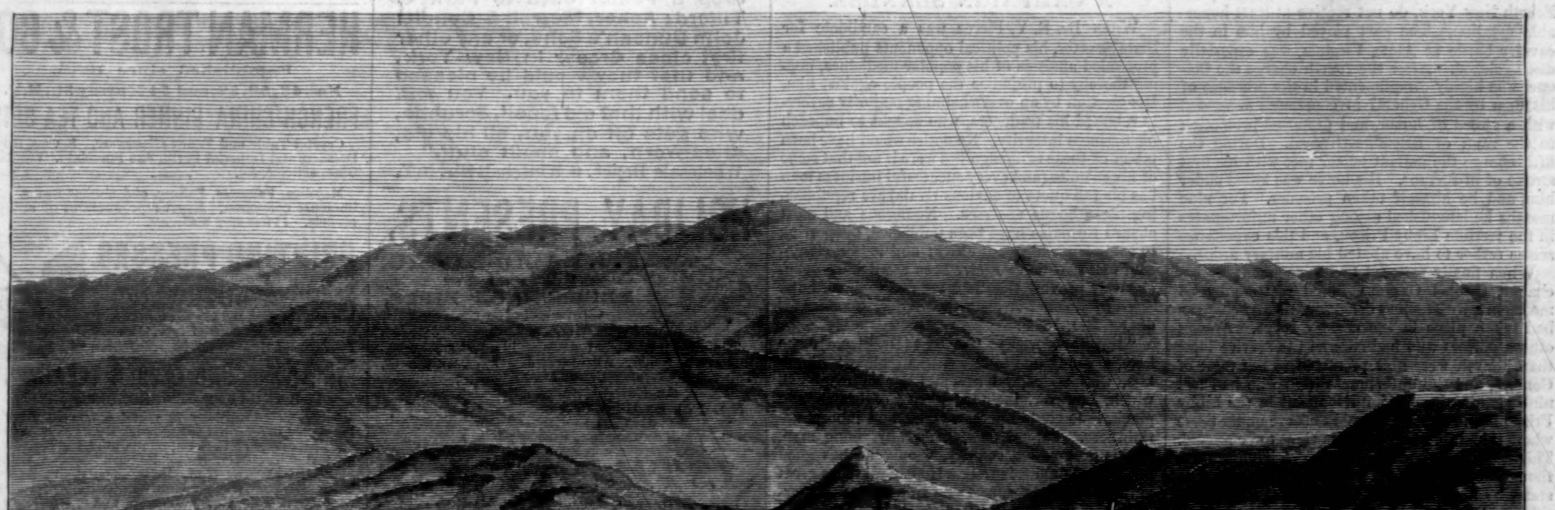
THE HON. JOHN M. HARLAN.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY WASHBURN.—[SEE PAGE 1027.]

GENERAL LOUIS PALMA DI CESNOLA.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY KURTZ.]

GENERAL CESNOLA.

GENERAL LOUIS PALMA DI CESNOLA, whose recent discoveries in the island of Cyprus have made his name familiar on both sides of the Atlantic, is a man of whom our country may well be proud; for although an Italian by parentage and birth, and of aristocratic lineage, his admiration for the institutions of our republic, and the faithful service he has rendered under its flag, have made him more thoroughly American in thought and feeling than many who were born on our soil. The gallantry displayed by him as a cavalry officer during the late war for the preservation of the Union, his marriage with an American lady, and the fidelity with which he for twelve years discharged the duties of American consul in the island of Cyprus, entitle him to a high position in the ranks of our most honored countrymen. Of late years he has been most prominently before the public as the discoverer of the famous collection of Cypriot antiquities now located in the New York Metropolitan Museum of Art. The sketch which we give, in connection with his portrait, is but a slight tribute to the genius and excellence of a man who for the last quarter of a century has devoted his life to the interests and welfare of his adopted country.

The CESNOLA family, which still holds its place among the oldest nobility of Italy, came originally from Spain, one of its members having emigrated from that country in 1280, and settled in Piedmont. From that time to the present the name of PALMA appears constantly among the list of distinguished men holding high positions



GENERAL CESNOLA MAKING EXPLORATIONS IN CYPRUS.—[DRAWN BY A. L. RAWSON.]

in the Sardinian magistracy, diplomacy, and in the king's household. The uncle of General CESNOLA, the Count ALERINO PALMA DI CESNOLA, was prominent among the leaders of the Piedmontese revolution of 1821. The failure of this scheme forced him to retire to Athens, where he filled the position of Vice-President of the Supreme Court of Greece. At his death the title lapsed to his brother MANRIZIO DI CESNOLA, father of the subject of our sketch.

The young Count LOUIS DI CESNOLA, whose ancient title of nobility has long been overshadowed by the well-earned one of General, was born on the 29th of July, 1832, at Rivarolo, a small town near Turin. Designed for a soldier, he was educated at the Royal Academy of that city, where he graduated with honor in 1849. What he had learned theoretically of the art of warfare he soon had an opportunity to apply practically, for Italy was then at war with Austria, and in need of brave soldiers. CESNOLA took his place as youngest Lieutenant in the Sardinian army, and received his first decoration for valor displayed on the field of battle at Novara. Subsequently he took part in the Crimean war, where his life was endangered not only by Russian bullets, but also by the burning of the English vessel *Crœsus*, upon which he had embarked. But for the gallant conduct of Captain JOHN VINE HALL, well known on both sides of the Atlantic as the commander of the *Great Eastern*, CESNOLA's life would have been lost.

The taste for active conflict gained in the struggles with Austria and Russia disinclined CESNOLA for the tedious monotony of peace. The wearisome routine of daily drill when there was no prospect of an enemy to fight became intolerable. Besides, the war clouds gathering so thickly over our own land naturally drew the attention of the eager young soldier hither, and the sword which had done good service in the cause of the Allies in 1855 was offered in defense of the United States government. CESNOLA's first experiences upon our soil were by no means entirely warlike, however, for shortly after his arrival in 1860 he fell in love with Miss MARY REID, daughter of the late Captain SAMUEL C. REID, of the United States navy, the designer of the present American flag. The wooing was successful, and the marriage took place in 1861. Three months later he was appointed Colonel of a cavalry regiment by Governor MORGAN, and ordered to the seat of war. By this time he had not only mastered our difficult language, but had also done considerable service in instructing classes of raw recruits who offered themselves as pupils in sword exercise and cavalry tactics.

The courage and gallantry displayed by CESNOLA throughout the war would have done honor to a patriot fighting for the existence of his country, and become doubly admirable as the voluntary offering of an alien and a foreigner laid upon the altar of free institutions. It is difficult in examining a file of any of the New York papers published during the war to find a report of a single cavalry engagement on the Potomac in which Colonel CESNOLA and his regiment, the Fourth New York, do not receive at least honorable mention. The part played by him in the cavalry battle at Aldie, Virginia, was especially distinguished. After the fourth charge the Colonel was highly complimented in the presence of his men by the General in command, presented with a sword of honor, and promised promotion to the rank of Brigadier-General. During the fifth charge the gallant officer met with his first stroke of ill fortune. His horse was killed under him, and he himself taken prisoner. For nine months he languished among other unfortunates in the terrible Libby Prison, and this experience seems rather to have abated his military ardor.

When finally restored to his regiment by exchange, Colonel CESNOLA found matters by no means in a satisfactory condition. Many changes had taken place in the cavalry corps. Among others, officers who had entered the service later than himself were now promoted to the rank of General, and the unfortunate hero who had lost nine months through imprisonment in the Libby Prison found himself obliged to serve under those whom it had formerly been his right to command. This necessarily occasioned him much annoyance, though he did not waver in his determination to stand by a cause which had enlisted his sympathies and inspired his devotion. From the time he resumed his command he displayed the same vigor and energy shown before his capture. His name is conspicuous in many of the later engagements of the war, while his record at Port Royal shines with especial lustre. On the latter occasion he captured two Confederate flags, and effectually routed a large body of cavalry under General WYCKAM. Yet in spite of these successes, the mustering out of his regiment in 1865 was looked upon as a welcome release. The enthusiastic soldier had had enough of war, and was glad to become a private citizen.

Upon his arrival in New York, in February, 1865, Colonel CESNOLA received a hearty welcome from his friends and admirers, and the Governor of New York hastened to show his appreciation of past services by the offer of a new command. The career of a soldier had, however, lost its fascination for the gallant Colonel, and the proposition was respectfully but firmly declined. The news of his determination to leave the army was then sent on to Washington. A reply came from President LINCOLN, bestowing upon the faithful cavalry officer the brevet rank of Brigadier-General. Soon after, General CESNOLA was made an American citizen, when, in further recognition of his brilliant service during the war, he received the appointment of American consul at the island of Cyprus. In this way General CESNOLA was the first military man rewarded with a diplomatic position by the United States government after the war.

The new consul lost no time in assuming the duties of his office, and before the close of the year 1865 we find him at Cyprus, as active in the cause of diplomacy as he had hitherto been in the more serious business of war. Now there came an opportunity for the development of the taste for study and exploration which had been compelled to lie comparatively dormant during the earlier part of his career. General CESNOLA soon proved himself to be no less a student than a soldier. The classic ruins at Cyprus offered an almost inexhaustible field for archæological investigation, and by the close of the year 1866 his energy in exploration had made him thoroughly conversant with the past history of the island, its topography, and many of the treasures that lay below the surface or buried in the depths of the earth. During the twelve years spent in Cyprus General CESNOLA devoted the leisure left him by his duties as consul to exploring the rich mines of archæological treasures concealed every where throughout the island. The collection grew in size and value, until its worth was estimated at not less than $50,000; but the light that it throws upon ancient manners and customs would make it of vast importance aside from the intrinsic value of many of the articles discovered.

This collection was exhibited in London, and has now become the property of the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, where it may be seen at any time by visitors to that institution. The sensation created by it both in England and elsewhere may be understood from the following paragraph published in the *American Register* at Paris:

"Of the value of this collection there can be no doubt. Mr. GLADSTONE, one of the best living authorities on this subject, and a man well acquainted with the CESNOLA collection, expressed his disappointment on hearing that it was to leave England. He considers General CESNOLA's discoveries of the greatest importance, for, in fact, they add an interesting chapter to the history of art and archæology by supplying the link which has long been wanted between Egyptian and Greek art. Moreover, several of the European sovereigns have already manifested their appreciation of the collection by handsome testimonials, and distinguished scholars have commenced to analyze its merits."

To the labor of amassing this great and important collection of Oriental antiquities, General CESNOLA has recently added the task of classifying and describing the various articles that compose it. Into this work he has thrown himself with the same perseverance and indomitable energy that characterize his every performance, in whatever line it may run. Thoroughness is an attribute of all he undertakes, and in his very interesting book, just published by the HARPERS, entitled *Cyprus: its Ancient Cities, Temples, and Tombs*, those who have known him as a soldier and a diplomate will recognize those elements of character in the writer which never fail to achieve success howsoever they may be directed, whether toward war, state-craft, archæology, or authorship.

A CAMPAIGN SLANDER.

WHEN Dr. R. V. Pierce was a candidate for State Senator, his political opponents published a pretended analysis of his popular medicines, hoping thereby to prejudice the people against him. His election by an overwhelming majority severely rebuked his traducers, who sought to impeach his business integrity. No notice would have been taken of these campaign lies were it not that some of his enemies (and every successful business man has his full quota of envious rivals) are republishing these bogus analyses. Numerous and most absurd formulas have been published, purporting to come from high authority; and it is a significant fact that no two have been at all alike—conclusively proving the dishonesty of their authors.

The following is from the *Buffalo Commercial* of Oct. 23d, 1877:

"Hardly a dozen years ago he (Dr. Pierce) came here, a young and unknown man, almost friendless, with no capital except his own manhood, which, however, included plenty of brains and pluck, indomitable perseverance, and inborn uprightness. Capital enough for any young man, in this progressive country, if only he has good health and habits as well. He had all these great natural advantages, and one thing more—an excellent education. He had studied medicine, and been regularly licensed to practice as a physician. But he was still a student, fond of investigation and experiment. He discovered, or invented, important remedial agencies or compounds. Not choosing to wait wearily for the sick and suffering to find out (without anybody to tell them) that he could do them good, he advertised his medicines, and invited the whole profession, of every school, to examine and pronounce judgment upon his formulas. He advertised liberally, profusely, but with extraordinary shrewdness, and with a method which is in itself a lesson to all who seek business by that perfectly legitimate means. His success has been something marvellous—so great indeed that it must be due to intrinsic merit in the articles he sells more even than to his unparalleled skill in the use of printer's ink. The present writer once asked a distinguished dispensing druggist to explain the secret of the almost universal demand for Dr. Pierce's medicines. He said they were in fact genuine medicines—such compounds as every good physician would prescribe for the diseases which they were advertised to cure. Of course, they cost less than any druggist would charge for the same article supplied on a physician's prescription, and besides there was the doctor's fee saved. Moreover, buying the drugs in such enormous quantities, having perfect apparatus for purifying and compounding the mixture, he could not only get better articles in the first place, but present the medicine in better form and cheaper than the same medicine could possibly be obtained from any other source.

"It may be thought that all this, having reference to Dr. Pierce's private business, has no point whatever when considered in connection with the proper qualifications of a candidate for the Senate. Perhaps. But it is the fashion now, and will be for a fortnight more, with sundry journals, to make sneering allusions to this very matter. After that brief period they will be quite ready to go on doing his work as before, and, as always before, to speak of him as a great public benefactor."—[*Com.*]

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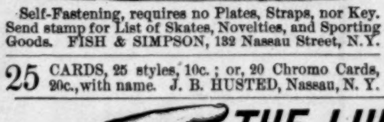

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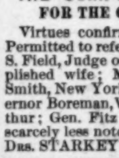

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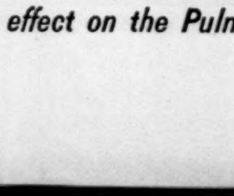

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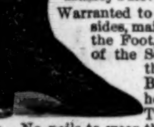

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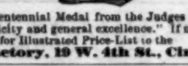

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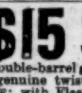

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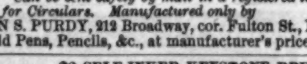

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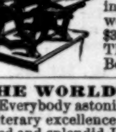

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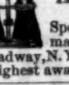

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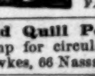

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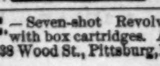

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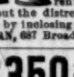

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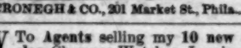

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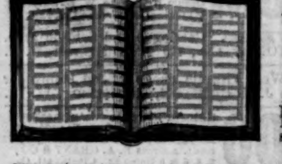

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THE TURKISH SOLDIERY.

PRESS of other matter more interesting to readers in this part of the world than any detailed account of what concerns either Turk or Russian has for some time not only crowded war pictures out of the *Weekly*, but also pushed what slight mention could be made of war subjects into the limited space which we are able to afford to our news record. Last week, however, we returned to the subject so far as to give a portrait of the celebrated Turkish general OSMAN PASHA, who so long held the fortress of Plevna against Russians without and famine within. On this page we give an engraving of a Bashi-Bazouk, which may serve in a general manner to show the stalwart, determined style of warrior that Turkey holds in such numbers among her irregular troops.

The Turkish Empire owes the success with which it has combated the advance of an army vastly superior in numbers, better paid, and better equipped, chiefly to the natural fighting qualities of her soldiers. The fact is that religion, which is, after all, the strongest governing power in the world, lies at the very root of the Turkish military service. The basis of the whole Turkish conscription is the doctrine of the Koran. The thought of a Jehád, or holy war, is the life-blood that flows in the veins of a Turkish army; and the great principle which makes the Turkish soldier brave in battle is that if he falls with his face to the enemy, he dies a martyr to his creed, and at once enjoys the delights of paradise. When the Ottomans first overran the fruitful provinces of Southern Europe, they gave to the vanquished the choice between death, conversion to the creed of their conquerors, or submission with the payment of tribute. The soil which was conquered belonged by the doctrine of the Koran to the Sultan, the vicegerent of God. The Moslems themselves were not to till the land, but were to fight for the spread of their religion. Thus nothing suited them better than that a large portion of the inhabitants of a conquered country should refuse to accept the faith of MOHAMMED, and remain as agriculturists and payers of tribute to support the soldiers of the faith. Those submitting were called "Rayahs;" and while it was their duty to pay a capitation and a land tax, the duty of the Moslems was to receive taxes and to fight for Islam. This was in effect a feudal system; for just as in Europe the plan of raising levies at the outbreak of war gave place to a system of small standing armies, so under the rule of the Sultans a special standing army grew up. The corps of Janizaries was recruited chiefly from the children of Christian Rayahs, taken from their families when very young, and brought up in the Mussulman faith. They it was who carried the victorious standard of the Prophet to Belgrade, to Constantinople, and to the walls of Vienna. In course of time the Janizaries attained very large proportions, and took the form of a corporation rather than of a large fighting body. They became unruly, and wished to be the masters rather than the servants of the Sultan. Therefore, in order to check their excesses, successive Sultans raised and gradually increased a standing army apart from the Janizaries, and in 1826, when the latter revolted, Sultan MAHMOUD was in a position to vanquish them. He destroyed them as an organized body, and dispersed those who were not slain. The Janizaries thus disposed of, there remained to the Sultan only the nucleus of a standing army which had been used for their suppression, and this at a time when the outbreak of war with Russia was imminent. Then it was that Sultan MAHMOUD endeavored to form a regular army upon the European system, himself directing the drill of his troops. MOLTKE thus describes the results of his efforts:

"The novelty of these measures, the opposition they encountered, the necessity for immediate action, and the want of time, caused every thing to be hurried. Among his own followers Sultan MAHMOUD found no one enlightened man to aid him with his counsel—all had to be done by means of foreigners and by the Sultan's own iron will. The recruits were seized in their villages, often carried in chains to Constantinople, and there kept as prisoners. There was an utter lack of intelligent native officers, and religious prejudice stood in the way of employment of foreigners. The Rayahs were excluded from the military service. The youngest men were selected from among the Moslems, in the hope that they would sooner get accustomed to the tiresome constraint of discipline and remain longest in the service. But the dislike of the Turks to the service, their close quarters in the overcrowded barracks, their vices, and the wretched hospital arrangements, made sad havoc in their ranks, so that new levies were constantly required. The army, therefore, was composed of men disciplined after the European fashion, wearing Russian jackets and Turkish trousers, with Tartar saddles and French stirrups and English sabres. It consisted of Timariots, or troops giving feudal service; of troops of the line, whose service was for life; and of militia, who served only a term of years, of whom the leaders were recruits and the recruits mere children. The system of organization was French, and the instructors were men from all parts of Europe. The splendid appearance, the beautiful arms, the reckless bravery, of the former Moslem hordes, had disappeared; but yet this new army had one quality which placed it above the numerous host which in former times the Porte could summon to the field—it obeyed."

A TURKISH OUTPOST.

The army thus formed was broken to pieces by the war of 1828 and 1829. After the peace of Adrianople the work of reconstruction began again; but the army of the Ottoman Empire still retained its great characteristic, that it was composed of men of the Mussulman faith alone, Christians being rigidly excluded from service in the ranks. While the Mussulmans gave to the state their personal service as warriors, the Christians paid a "haradsch," or poll-tax. After the war of the Crimea, when the great powers put pressure on the Porte to improve the condition

of its Christian subjects, a decree was issued providing for the extension of military service to all subjects of the Porte, irrespective of their religious belief, but from the date of its issue it was evaded. Although a fixed number of Christians was by this order drawn yearly, the men were never enrolled, and an annual tax was imposed upon the Christians in place of military service. This tax, called the "bedel," constituted in reality a compulsory exemption by purchase, and the Porte justified its action by saying that the Christian population was not disposed to accept military service. Thus in reality the pretended admission of the Christians to the army became merely an excuse for the imposition of a new tax. Admission to the military schools was refused them, and the only step taken to carry out the provisions of the decree was the raising of one cavalry brigade, chiefly Poles and Bulgarians.

The Turkish army is divided into the Nizam, or standing army, the Ihtiat, or first reserve, the Redif, or second reserve (in two classes), and the Mustahfiz, or territorial militia. The period of service is for twenty years, viz., in the Nizam four years for infantry, five for cavalry and artillery; the men then pass to the Ihtiat, where they complete their six years of service; from that to the Redif, where they serve for three years in each class; and finally, for eight years, to the Mustahfiz. For purposes of recruiting, the country is divided into seven military districts, or "ordu," corresponding with the seven corps of the army. All men from the age of twenty-one to twenty-four are liable to conscription, and draw lots each year during that time. If they escape each conscription, they are at once drafted into the Redif, and escape service in the Nizam. The conscription takes place under the superintendence of a mixed civil and military commission. The mollahs or priests, the judges, and the members of the Ulema or law guild are exempted by law; so are those physically unfit for service, and those who are the only support of aged parents. All others are liable to conscription, exemption by purchase being allowed in time of peace; the price before the outbreak of the present war was fixed at 5000 piastres. Until the immense losses lately suffered by the Turks compelled the Porte to avail itself of all the resources of the empire, the inhabitants of Constantinople, of Crete, of Scutari in Albania, of large districts of Asia Minor and Arabia, Syria and Kurdistan, were exempt from furnishing recruits.

The volunteers form a most important branch of the Turkish service. They are all cavalry, and for the most part are furnished by the Arabs. Their organization is tribal, under their own chiefs, who maintain in the field that same rough discipline by which the tribes are governed at all times. Their services are only to be procured with the consent of their chiefs; and there is no doubt that as irregular cavalry, for purposes of scouting, foraging, and harassing an enemy's convoys, they render invaluable service. The greatest number of irregular troops that Turkey ever raised was during the Crimean war, when 40,000 Bashi-Bazouks and 10,000 volunteers were in the field. The Zaptiehs, or police, are also an important body of men. They are well-regulated, and to a great extent recruited from the best troops of the regular army. The men of the regiments at Constantinople are selected from the best non-commissioned officers of the army, in order to form a superior force for the capital.

The officers of the Turkish army form almost two distinct classes, the one composed of men risen from the ranks, and the other of pupils from the military school. Among the officers from the ranks are to be found many thorough soldiers, with good knowledge of regular work, and of such tactics as are used in the Turkish army. But no matter what the service they may have seen, or how talented they may be as officers, they can never hope to rise to a higher rank than that of captain, unless, either by bribery or family connection, they can insure the good word of some one in high places. Promotion is said to be given regimentally up to the rank of captain; but this is often interfered with, and the promotion really rests in the hands of the commander of the corps, a pasha probably selected, at the instance of some court favorite, by the clique that govern at Constantinople. The officers from the ranks look down upon the military school officers as unpractical and inexperienced; the officers from the military school, in return, consider them ignorant and unfitted to share their society. The junior officers fall back for companionship upon their non-commissioned officers and men, while their general or colonel treats them as if they were menials.

The rates of pay in the Turkish army are simply nominal, no man under the rank of colonel having for many years received any pay, except by fitful installments, the amount of which apparently bears no relation to that which by regulation he would be entitled to receive. The dress of the soldiery is neat and serviceable, but of late the scarcity of money has prevented its being renewed among the bulk of the army. Infantry, cavalry, and artillery soldiers alike wear a fez, a blue jacket, and waistcoat trimmed with red, a scarlet sash round the waist, trousers wide to the middle of the calf and then tight as a gaiter, over which, in the cavalry, is drawn a boot of soft untanned leather. The infantry wear gaiters and shoes, and in the field sandals of sheep-skin laced over the feet. The rations of the troops are on a very liberal scale in times of peace, and in war it is the intention that they shall be doubled; but the pervading system of peculation and corrupt contracts makes the food, even in peaceful times, generally of wretched quality, while in war the transport and commissariat arrangements are so defective that the men are at times almost without the necessaries of life. On the other hand, a certain amount of pillage of the Giaour will ever be allowed to the Turkish soldier.

Shepherds All and Maidens Fair.

BY WALTER BESANT AND JAMES RICE,

AUTHORS OF "WHEN THE SHIP COMES HOME," "THE GOLDEN BUTTERFLY," "BY CELIA'S ARBOR," "READY-MONEY MORTIBOY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

CLEAR SKY LAND.

OUR readers may ask, Where is Arcadia, land of clear skies? We reply, Wherever the pluck and energy of the Anglo-Saxon race have made a new home far away from the Old World. Let us begin, then, with morning in Clear Sky Land. The sun has crossed the sea all over the way from smoky Liverpool; the rain was beginning when he left that city, so that he sank into the ocean making athwart the turbid sky murky rainbows bleared by the smoke, which had one foot in Birkenhead and the other over Aigburth. He went at his usual pace, having no occasion to hurry, straight across the North Atlantic, regardless of a gale of wind and a storm of driving cloud. They were right in his teeth too, all the way, so that he never saw, except at brief intervals, any of the great mail-steamers, facing the wind as boldly as himself, and as resolutely making steady way in the teeth of those great waves which swept at their will adown the open decks. Nor did he see—which was a pity for them—the passengers making themselves as comfortable as circumstances at sea permit in the deck saloon, rolled in wraps, propped up and jammed between table and wall, reading, telling yarns, smoking, playing cards, or even singing songs; while outside, the officers, holding on to the ropes that ran along the bulwarks, plashed about in great boots, keeping one eye night and day always fixed on the compass, which hung midmast-high aft, to keep the good ship on her right course. Beneath the sun lay an endless gray bank of cloud which never lifted for two thousand miles and more, and beneath the cloud lay a broad gray sea which never brightened, for lack of the sunshine, but kept on rolling aimlessly great gray waves, which sulkily hurled themselves against the bows, and then, having effected nothing, sank down behind the conquering craft, and left their neighbors to make the next attack. The porpoises, who had no heart to play in such gloom of sea and sky, separated, not without temper, and some went straightway to the Mediterranean—which is, after all, the happiest place for your quiet, stay-at-home porpoise—and there they swam about the bows of the great troop ships; some went north to see the seals; some went south and got to the antarctic circle, where they made most important south polar discoveries, which they have not yet sent to the papers; one started for England, but got into difficulties somewhere about Oban, where they caught him and sent him to London. There a fish-monger put him on his marble counter, with a label over him, "What is it?" and when he could be kept no longer, the fish-monger's second young man carried him to the shop of an enterprising person who advertised that he sold things made out of porpoise-skins. And, for the mere look of the thing, that enterprising person was bound to buy him, though he had never seen a porpoise before, and did not know what to do with a porpoise. Finally, when he got grewsome, the person was fain to bury him secretly in the back garden. Even the gulls, too, though nearly every thing that was cooked for dinner was thrown overboard because most of the passengers were sick and could not eat, grew tired of so much wind and rain, and after a thousand miles or so gradually dropped astern and got back to Ireland, a little sorry to lose the generous diet, but winded, though in good condition, by reason of the exercise.

When, after his long journey, the sun rose upon Clear Sky Land, the creatures in the forest naturally woke up first. There were the squirrel and the chipmunk, who always sleep with one eye open; the marten, an early riser by deliberate choice; the beaver, always weighed down with responsible work; the minks, who get their work done early, so as to be out of the way of the trapper—every creature is bound to take care of his own skin; the white fox, for similar reasons, and with an eye to poultry; the moose, who is a light sleeper; and the bear, who is a hungry creature, and takes his breakfast as early as he can get it.

And then the birds woke up—there are not many birds in Clear Sky Land—and began to forage for flies, of which there are plenty. And the flies, who are an unsuspicious, and even a confiding folk, woke up and prepared to enjoy themselves in the sun. Those who escaped the birds had a good time all day.

Lastly, the people in the villages and farms got up too, rubbed their eyes, wondered what their dreams had been about, and dressed themselves with more care than usual, because it was the great day of the year—the day of the Agricultural Exhibition. And then cattle lowed, sheep bells rang, cocks crowed, turkeys gobbled, ducks quacked, donkeys cleared their throats melodiously, and another day began.

It is a land of lakes as well as of clear skies. They lie stretching out loving arms to each other, scattered thick over the face of the country. They are all alike in being wondrous beautiful, and all different in that the loveliness of every one is distinct and personal, like the loveliness of a woman, but each with the characteristics of her kind. One does not get the thick lips of Nigritia in the homesteads of Circassia, or the date-palms of Africa in the lakes of Arcadia. But some are studded with islets, each a rising mound, on which the hemlock and the maple stand side by side with pine and tamarisk. On these islets are the wigwams of Indians; on the shores are their brown children playing; among the waters run in and out, or lie lazily floating, the birch canoes of those of the yellow-skins who have yet energy enough left to go fishing. Some are broad sheets of placid water; some are narrow and winding as Windermere; all are fringed with forest, like Grasmere. Behind the shore rise the low hills with their woods yet untouched. There a solemn silence reigns, unbroken, save rarely, even by the voice of bird; few settlements have yet been planted in that forest primeval. The pine and the hemlock share the ground with the maple. Clear Sky Land calls aloud for men. Look again at the forest as you glide beneath it in the little country-made steamer. It is late autumn, yet the foliage of the under-wood is as bright and as fresh as the foliage of early June in an English wood. Look deeper, search for the sombre shades of the European forests. There are none. It is the characteristic of an Arcadian forest that it is all bright throughout, as if the sun shone quite through the leaves overhead, and the tops of the trees were transparent. It is like a scene of fairy-land. When the Prince Simplice, in the story, retired from his father's court, and lived in a glade, where he learned the speech of insect, bird, beast, and tree, it was here he came, and here that he met the Naiad of his fate. You have never seen any theatrical scene, even at Drury Lane, half so sweet, half so touching in the green brightness of its coloring, as the forest that borders the lake. See, again, the steamer has left the latter, and turned her bows up a river where the trees come down to the edge of the bank. We go very slowly, and, but for the dip of the wheels, silently—on either side the gleaming forest. You think, perhaps, that you have seen nature elsewhere at her best as a colorist; you have recollections of tropical sunrises, of Italian evenings, of African skies, of Atlantic sunsets; you remember the peaks of the Tyrol, the passes of the Alps: well, own that this forest surpasses all. The under-wood is green and bright with a sunshine which must be wholly due to the imaginary tint of the trees; but above, the maple leaves have changed their color and are transformed. They are crimson, they are scarlet, they are ruby red, they are a deep, rich, golden yellow, they are brown edged with red, they are purple—they are of every hue and tinge that the eye of painter has conceived or the hand of nature executed. And now the sun lifts his head above the opposite bank, and they spring into life and light, like a statue touched by the finger of a god.

The steamer groans and backs and plunges, and finally fetches up alongside of a little wooden pier. All may get out, and let us make the best way we can to Dee Bank, where the exhibition of this year is to be held.

An empty saw-mill, newly built over a stream of rushing water. Beyond the mill a wooden bridge; above the bridge a fall of water over moss-grown bowlders—did I explain that it is a land of falls, as well as of clear skies and sunny lakes?—above the fall, forest, labyrinthine, many-colored; at right hand, forest; at left hand, forest; before and behind, forest—on every side but one, and on that side is the settlement of Dee Bank. There is a township of half a dozen houses; they are frame houses, built of wood, and standing round an irregular sort of place, the most prominent structure being the school. There is one large meadow wholly cleared, and there are fields beyond, where the black stumps are thick upon the ground. There are not many fields, because Dee Bank is a small settlement; there are many stumps because it is a new settlement. No doubt if we visit Dee Bank again in twenty years, we shall find a population of as many thousands as there are now hundreds. There will be half a dozen churches; there will be a daily paper; there will be great hotels. At present this territory is laying the foundations of her future. She has her lakes, her rivers, her falls, her unrivalled beauty; she has already her scanty population of hardy and thrifty yeomen. She is to be the mother of many, and the producer of much; she should be represented like Diana of the Ephesians, many-breasted. At present it must be owned that the black stumps give the country an unfinished look, as if the people had just moved in, or had been having a universal washing-day, so that they had had no time to tidy up and fix things neat.

The big lumber mill was turned into an exhibition-house. On the ground-floor you look out upon the waters of the river, which are dashing themselves about among the poles in a great rage at the prospect of having to do real steady work when this mill begins. On the first floor are the exhibits arranged in seemly order, while the judges go round to assign the prizes. There are butter, cheese, and bread; there is maple sugar; there are preserves; there is work in knitting, sewing, and spinning; there are vegetables—enormous pumpkins, great wealth of carrots, potatoes, and turnips; there are barrels of great tomatoes—things which no Arcadian can resist, whether raw or cooked; and there are barrels upon barrels of grain.

The judges go round with anxious faces; this is real business. The land is, as it were, on trial. Shall Red River boast because of her grain? Look here—and here. Saw man ever finer vegetables, bigger pumpkins, more beautiful tomatoes? Can the whole world produce better apples? Go to.

The ladies follow, judging the household work. Not only the land, but the house also, is on its trial. As they go slowly round, making notes, their faces grow more cheerful. In Clear Sky Land, they seem to say, the girls can hold their own against any in the old country. Saw ever woman a finer pair of knitted socks? Can there be broidery more beautiful and more useful than this child's garment?

Outside, more business. They are judging cattle, horses, pigs, and farming implements. The young men are there, serious and thoughtful, and with them the old. This is no play-time of idle villagers. There are no laborers leaning against posts anxious for beer-time. Every one is interested, because every one has a personal stake in the friendly contest. He who is worsted may learn a wrinkle from the conqueror. It is a game of real earnest, in which the last great prize open to all is—fortune and comfort. You may look at the men. There is a Lowlander; he was a shepherd to the Marquis of Very-broad-acres; his ancestors were yeomen of Scotland, but the land has long since gone; he is a hard-headed Scot, with high cheek-bones and a long square chin. Dollars are ringing in that man's pocket already. Yet it is not five years since he came over, a man without a penny; he saved fifty pounds in eighteen months as a farm laborer; he took up a free-grant plot of land; the next year he wrote for his girl to come over to him; and now he is a substantial man. The next man to him is a Somersetshire lad; he brought money over with him—not much, but some. He bought a cleared farm, and he grows beef for the London market. Some day he will be rich. And wherever they came from, whatever they were, they are now hard-handed, hard-headed farmers, who neglect no chance and spare themselves no toil, catch at every new invention, try every kind of crop, and are determined, since the land of clear skies has to be planted, to clear away its fairy forests where the sunshine sleeps in the leaves, so that it shall be changed into the land of sweet fields, the garden and glory of Arcadia.

They are not well dressed. Even their best friends will at once admit so much. Professor Teufelsdrockh would have found but small food for reflection in the raiment of these backwoodsmen. Every kind of serviceable garb, except what the Americans call store clothes and stove-pipe hats. As for the hats, indeed, all the old hats of all the world—even the old hats from the Jews' quarters in Poland—must surely go out to Arcadia. There is no accounting for the extreme badness of the hats and their incredible age. It is (which makes this fact the more remarkable) a new country; and yet—and yet—surely that honest fellow there, who has just won the first prize for pigs, must have traded away his own hat for that of some early settler from New Amsterdam—which is now New York—who has found his way to the backwoods, and found it so peaceful, so pleasant, so free from care, that he has never taken the trouble to die. Or perhaps the Wandering Jew has passed this way, there were so many bad hats got together in our collection of men. Only one young fellow of the whole assemblage can claim to be fairly well roofed. He might pass muster at a meet, so neat, so well dressed in serviceable corduroys, stout boots, and many-pocketed coat, is he. That is John Pomeroy, son of Mrs. Pomeroy, and nephew of Mr. Burdacomb, reeve of Sheridan Town. His is the best buggy, his are the best train of plough-horses, his is the best bull. And it is his mother who gets the first prize for butter.

This young man is four-and-twenty years of age. He is six feet high, and his shoulders are broad and square; his face has not that full-blown rosiness about it which belongs to a healthy young Englishman of his own age; the clear dry air has toned him down; his cheeks are thinner; his limbs are more slender, but not the less strong. In his hands an axe is as light as a penknife, and lops off great boughs as a lady would trim a rose-bush. His chest is deep; his voice is deep; he walks as one who has no fear or trouble in his mind; his face has yet the seal of innocence upon it, because he has never seen a town—except once when he went to Wellington, and found himself in that metropolis almost stifled by the houses. His hazel eyes are clear; his step is long and elastic. Happy the woman who calls such a lad her son; happier still the girl who calls such a man her lover.

Mr. Stephen Burdacomb, his uncle, is one of the judges. When his nephew's cattle are brought up he shakes his head, and will not give them any prize, and then the crowd assign him the prize by acclamation. He is a substantial farmer; dollars have accrued to him; he is reeve of his township; and he is very greatly respected, partly because he is successful, partly because he is reputed to be so wise, partly because he is a man of very, very few words. Nature has given him the faculty of work, which is an invaluable profession by itself, especially in Arcadia; nature has also given him an unerring eye for the points of a cow, the qualities of a pig, and the value of a farm-horse. He knows land intimately, so to speak, and can read off its capabilities as if out of a book. But he has preserved his old rusticity; he looks, walks, and speaks like the small farmer he was in England; and he very seldom speaks, because speech is a trouble to him. Nature denied him the power of expression; she made him, save for the few hundred words required for the farm life, dumb; and by the time John Pomeroy left school, which was at fifteen, there was nothing about the place that he could not manage as well as any grown man.

It is half past twelve. There is a general movement, with a universal look of increased seriousness, in the direction of one of the houses in the township. It means dinner. At this ordinary all dine together, taking turns in batches one after the other. There is no distinction of rank to observe—there are no masters and no servants, because all are in the same land of yeomen. Dinner of roast beef, with huckleberry pie and apple pie; dinner for five hundred men, all true English-born, with the extraordinary and amazing fact that there was no beer. Imagine a collection of hungry Englishmen contentedly sitting down to dinner without beer! Instead they had tea, or milk, or water; but mostly tea. Actually nothing to drink at Dee Bank at all; and not a single enterprising publican to run up a booth, and make men stupid with fiery whiskey and

adulterated beer. Not a place within ten miles where a drop of any thing can be got. It seems sad to us, dwellers in a foggy climate, but we need not waste our pity. They want in Clear Sky Land neither sympathy nor beer. The sharp and bracing air; the plenty and perfection of their food; the habit, without the pledge, of temperance—all these together make them contented, though they never see wine or whiskey. And for appetites—but watch the guests if you would understand what feeding means. Quick, neat-handed Phillis, another plateful here, as large a slice as the ox can boast; more potatoes—saw one ever mealier ones?—more cabbage and more beans for Tom, who is looking about him with wistful eyes; another square foot or so of fat and lean for Jack; a cubic six inches or thereabouts, with a bit of the brown corner, for Harry; more tomatoes; more apple pie, and the sugar this way; huckleberry pie for ten, if you please; more bread, plenty of bread; more tea for every body. A great, a Gargantuan feast; and at six o'clock it will be done all over again, for this is a land of plenty, and every body is always hungry.

We do not talk much during the dinner, because we sit down to eat. After we have eaten we go back and talk more—we talk with the girls, who are here in force, neat and smart, because girls are girls all the world over. We discuss with them the chances of the winter; what private theatricals we shall have; where we shall get the best tobogganing; what sledging parties we shall get up; and what dances. For we are fond of amusements in Clear Sky Land, and our favorite amusements are acting and dancing. Summer is work-time, in winter we play. Then we have the glorious days of sharp, clear frost, with never a breeze to stir the branches in the forest, day after day, week after week, bright, still, and cold; when, without, we warm ourselves with farm-work and wood-cutting, and within, the stove keeps all the house, day and night, snug and comfortable. It will soon be upon us, the winter; already the maples are brightening for one last effulgent burst of color before they drop their leaves, and then the snow will come and the leaves will fall.

Toward the afternoon the stir and bustle grow quieter. The last prizes have been adjudged, the last animal has been walked round for inspection. There is already the beginning of the homeward move; carts, buckbacks, buggies, and all kinds of wonderful vehicles are brought out; horses are harnessed, and party after party driven away, until Dee Bank is left in its wonted solitude, and the half dozen folk who live there always can begin to talk of the wonderful day they have had. North, east, south, and west, the people plunge into the long lanes of greenery, and disappear. Every opening where blackened stumps show a settlement takes one of the carriages off the rough and uneven road; presently they cease to pass, and the squirrel and the chipmunk begin again to run races along the silent path.

You will see no such gathering as this in the old country. These are the pioneers of a great future. Look on them with respect. These gray and grizzled men, with the steadfast eyes and grave faces, are those who have wrested the fruits of the earth from jealous nature, who wanted to keep all the place for her beautiful maples. This exhibition at Dee Bank, poor as it would seem at Islington, represents the result of fifteen years' toil. Remember that these men have inherited nothing and created every thing. They came to the forest with an axe in their hand, to plant themselves among the tangled underwood, each in his place. They have cut down the trees; planted, sowed, reaped; cut down more trees; built houses, churches, and schools; made roads, and founded cities. These sacks of golden grain, these splendid fruits, this generous wealth of vegetables, and flowers, and garden growth—it is all absolutely the work of their own hands. There is something touching in the simple pride which such a settler feels in such work. He must be a real man who has made such a home for himself, where before him was only a home for the she-bear and her cubs.

The last to go are Stephen Burdacomb and John Pomeroy. Without speaking, the older man steps into his nephew's light buggy.

"Coming home with me, uncle?" says John.

"Ay, lad," he replies, slowly. Then he takes the straw out of his mouth, and, as if making a real plunge into action, throws it away. "She wrote to me," he began.

"Ay! my mother?"

"And she said that she hev a thing to say to you." Here he stopped, and thought much harder than ever he had thought before in all his life. It was an effort to find expression, not a struggle after facts. "It's been bore in upon me lately—last Sunday it was bore in upon me that—that massive, as you'd say it was a barrel of apples. In church, too. So when she said that she hev a thing to say to you, and when I knew what that thing must surely be, I said to my old woman—I up and said, after dinner on Sunday morning—'I stand by Mary throughout. If Mary tells the boy, I must be there too for to stand by her. John Pomeroy,' I said—meanin' you, my lad, and no other—'he's a fine boy and well grown, and never said nor done other than what is right. But he don't know this, and when he does know it, I must be there to stand by Mary. Blood,' I says to my old woman, 'is thicker than water. She's the only sister I've got, and I'm bound to stand by her.'"

John Pomeroy listened to this speech, which, what with the depth of the ruts and the height of the bowlders, and occasional gaps in the corduroy road, was much interrupted, as the speaker, clutching to the back of the seat, was shaken and bumped about.

"Got a thing to say, uncle?" he replied, calmly, for the announcement affected him but slightly. Young men like John Pomeroy, who have more of what Americans call "the vices," are not always nervously expecting something bad to happen; and, besides, he knew his uncle's ponderous manner of speech, and the solemn introduction of the subject did not at all alarm him.

"Got a thing to say, uncle? Very well; I shall be very glad to hear any thing that you and my mother have got to tell me. I say, uncle, she will be real astonished at the aged bull's prize. Well, the place isn't Bow Park, that is quite certain; but if they've got finer cattle any where else—except Bow Park—than ours, I'd like to get up early in the morning and go and visit that place. Hallo! Hold up, uncle. I'll mend this road to-morrow. That was a deep one. Here we are."

A homestead in Clear Sky Land. A farm-house and a farm-yard. The house is built of wood, and it is painted white, with green jalousies. It is a house of two stories, with high-pitched roof. There is a flower garden and a kitchen-garden; there is a lawn in front, not quite so trim as a lawn would be in England; behind the garden is the forest; and on either side of the house stretch the acres that this stalwart young fellow, now unhitching his horse, has cleared of trees, save their stumps, has ploughed, sowed, and reaped, nearly all with his own hands.

A lady comes to the door at sound of the voices. Her hands are rough with work; her dress is homely; but her face has upon it the seal that belongs to a gentlewoman. Her brother, Stephen Burdacomb, is of the earth, a son of the soil; she, like him in face, is spiritualized, as one who has thoughts above the soil. She touches her son upon the arm, and looks up in his face with a little smile, as if contentment were upon her when she saw him come home again.

"Supper is ready, John. Come in, Stephen—come in, both of you."

More beefsteaks and tomato sauce; more apple pie; hot cakes and rolls; more tea.

After supper John Pomeroy made up the stove, gave his uncle a pipe, and sat down beside his mother.

"Now, mother, you've got something to tell me." She began to tremble violently.

Quoth Stephen Burdacomb: "Me to stand by you always. Let the lad know."

"Four-and-twenty years ago," Mrs. Pomeroy began—"four-and-twenty long years ago, when you were only a month old, John dear, we sailed from Liverpool for this country—Stephen, and your aunt Esther, and their two daughters, and I, and you in my arms."

"Yes, mother, I know."

"We told the people in the boat, and we told the people when we landed, that I was a widow. But I was not, my son—oh! I was not, and I am not now!"

"What do you mean, mother?" The young man's face hardened a little, and she shrank for a moment.

"Easy, lad," said Stephen. "Let her say it out."

"We quarrelled, my husband and I," she went on. "What we quarrelled about does not matter. I have tried all these years to persuade myself that it was my fault; but I can not, John—I can not. We quarrelled so badly that we separated—only for a time, I thought. But he came after me, a week later, and he said the most cruel, the most unfounded, the most wicked things." Here she broke down.

"Stand by your mother, boy," murmured Stephen.

"And I told him that nothing, nothing should ever bring me back to his roof again. I left him. I went home to Stephen. I heard nothing more from my husband, and six months later you were born. And then we came away. He never knew, he does not know now, that he has a son. He does not know that he has a wife living. He has lived alone ever since I left him, and I know not whether he repents or whether he has hardened his heart."

John laid his hand upon hers.

"It is for your own sake, John, that I have told you the story. Tell me, my dear, that you believe in your mother's innocence."

"Elseways," said Stephen, "there is no good in having a mother, and you'd best ha' been born without."

John did not answer, at first, but he pressed her hand.

"I must try as well," he said, after a pause, "to forgive my father."

"The time is come," she said, "when you must cross over and tell him. He has left the old place, and is living now in London, and he is reputed to be wealthy. In your own interests, you ought to see him."

"I do not want his money," said John, hotly.

"And it is your duty, my son. I shall give you papers sent to me six or seven years ago, which will establish in his mind the fact that he was made a dupe, by a wicked man, of his own suspicions. You will give them to him when you tell him who you are."

John got up and walked about the room. They were all silent for a space. Then he said, as if his mind was made up,

"And how am I to introduce myself?"

"I have thought of that, John. You will go under an assumed name; you will take a letter to my old friend Eli Ramsden which will tell him exactly who you are. It is from him that I hear once or twice a year about my husband. He will talk to you, and you must make out a plan."

"When am I to go?" asked John.

"You ought to go at once—in a few days. You can be best spared during the winter, and you will come back to your mother in the spring, or as soon as you can. Promise me that, my son."

"Yes, mother, I promise."

She was silent for a while.

Then she began to talk to her brother.

"He will go and see the old farm-house, Stephen—the dear old farm-house at Moulsey Priors, with the sun-dial and the ivy; and the church where all the Burdacombs lie buried, and the river, and the orchards. Oh, Stephen, Stephen, shall we ever, you and I, go over again to the old country?" Because, you see, even in Clear Sky Land, there are times when the memory of England flies to the heart, and drags the mind, as with ropes, to sweet and sad reminiscences of days gone by, which seem to have been, but were not, always happy. "And I wonder what he is like now, after so many years—my poor husband."

That is happy which is past. Poor Mrs. Pomeroy looked back upon the brief days of her wedded life, with an irascible, suspicious, and exacting husband, as if they had been lit up by a perpetual *lune de miel*. She tortured herself sometimes to find reasons for the cruel speech and the bitter insults which her husband heaped upon her head. Always her heart was flying back to the man who had injured her; always she regretted her flight and her silence; always she fancied that if she had remained, her husband would have softened, and she would have forgiven—oh! how readily!—and all would have been happy.

CHAPTER II.

GREAT ST. SIMON APOSTLE.

GREAT ST. SIMON APOSTLE is not a church, though the name sounds like one; it is a court, and it stands behind Carmel Friars, in the very heart and centre of the City of London. Once there was a church, which, with its grave-yard, occupied one whole side of the court. The population of the parish, which consisted of an acre and a half of ground, dwindled down by degrees to a dozen housekeepers, and the congregation of the church shrank in like proportion to a quarter of that number. Yet when the old church was pulled down and offices built on the ground made sacred by the knees of many generations of worshippers, there were not wanting those who mourned for its loss. They left a part of the church-yard—a little strip of garden ground laid out in flower beds, and rejoicing in two trees, which still hold forth branches of foliage green in spring, black in summer, and yellow in the early autumn. Stretching out these arms across the narrow court, they touch the dead-wall on one side and reach very nearly across to the windows on the other. Beneath the large tree lies the last remaining of the old tombstones. As for the other monuments recording the birth, death, and virtues of so many burgesses and their wives, these were all carted away into the wonderful land where all forgotten things go, so that the dead citizens, whose head-stones might have done to countless generations a perpetual service of admonition, became at one fell swoop utterly forgotten. In spite of their eminent Christian virtues, they are no more remembered in modern London than if they had been so many woad-stained early Britons.

The houses on the left hand of Great St. Simon Apostle were three in number; they were large and stately houses of Queen Anne's time, built of brick, with flat façade, and without ornament. They had porches projecting over the doors, and the doors themselves were reached by stone steps. Inside, these houses—once the houses of substantial merchants—possessed broad, deep staircases; their balustrades rich with blackened carvings in oak, costly and precious. Now the houses are let out into offices. The only house on the right-hand side of the court, standing on the site of the church, is a newly built set of offices, with polished granite pillars, and carvings in quite the newest style. Beyond these chambers is the church-yard, on the right of which is a great dead-wall, the side of some art warehouse; and across the road stands a house of three stories of the Georgian period, decorated in the middle with a shield. The shield is carved with the coat of arms of a late Lord Mayor, deceased in this very house a hundred years ago. The house is Number Five, Great St. Simon Apostle.

The court opens upon a square or place, part of Carmel Friars, closely hemmed in and girt round by buildings. A church is there, an old church, with a round tower in the corner of the west front; the houses have crowded against it, so that there is nothing left open but the nave. If you were to look in at the door, you would find that even the nave is more than the thin congregation want, because they have bricked up the chancel, and built themselves a comfortable little chapel inside, with varnished oak walls, within the church; for this is the church of the Dutch, and within these oaken walls thus gather every Sunday, to hear the Word after their own fashion and in their own language, all that remain of the once flourishing and prosperous colony of Hollanders.

There are two or three narrow passages tunnelled in the houses, by which one gets in and out of this queer place. If you pass through one, under a house over whose door is painted the name of a financier and statesman known over all the world, you come to another square to which this passage is the only entrance. This is a square with four houses in it, one on each side. They are great stately palaces, where once merchant princes lived in ostentatious splendor. Now one of them is the head-quarters of a small City company, and the other three are let out in offices. If you go through another passage, or a third, or a fourth, you find yourself in one of the noisy, crowded arteries of the City.

All day long and every day, except Sunday and Saturday afternoon, Great St. Simon Apostle and the square and Carmel Friars are echoing with a ceaseless throb of hurrying feet. No one looks about him; no one loiters; no one stops to talk and laugh; no one turns his face to right or to left. Church and court; church-yard and trees; old tombstones and flower beds—these are things which every body sees every day and never sees at all. The mystery of the forgotten past which clothes an old city as with a sun-lit cloud for those who have eyes to see, is nothing to the men who have every day to grub and fight for money. Their ancestors, slowly toiling, accumulated wealth with pain and patience, building up that great English name for honesty which some of the modern merchants are doing their best to destroy. Their ancestors lived and died where they worked; the citizens of London knew each other and were known to each other; the rewards of a laborious life and an unspotted record were the civic distinctions which their descendants abandon to retail tradesmen; they gathered together on Sunday in their City churches, where now the ritualist plays at popery and practices forbidden pranks to congregations gathered from the suburbs, or the mild old evangelical drawls his well-thumbed sermon to an assemblage of half a dozen. The place is redolent of dead citizens; if the dust of Carmel Friars could speak, it would confess that it was once part of dead citizens; and if the ghosts of those old citizens could revisit the place where they lived, the living would have no room to stand among the dead.

But the living are too busy to think of their predecessors; only those who do not belong to the City can afford the luxurious emotions which arise from letting the thoughts flow backward up the stream of time. The clerks and the principals come at nine and ten, their thoughts intent on the things of the day. At five they go away, and then, as if by magic, these courts grow suddenly and entirely still. Quite still. Not a footfall; not the echo of a voice; not the banging of a door. The church itself—the silent old church of the Dutchmen—can not be more quiet than the court without; and save for a faint rumble of wheels which falls softly on the ear in this sheltered spot, one might think one's self in a city of the dead, or a city at the early morning, or in a city of some theatre erected by the scene-painter, and waiting for a crowd of supers to play at the imaginary *va-et-vient* of a crowded street.

All Sunday, too, save for the bells that bang and clash about the city, calling a people that are no longer there to hear, and except for the few minutes when the Dutchmen walk down the flags on their way to and from their service, the court and square are quite still and empty. If there are housekeepers in those great houses, they are never seen; if the invisible housekeepers have friends, they never come to see them; if a boy were to rush into one of these courts with a shout and a whoop, his voice would drop before he got half-way through it, for the silence of the place would fall on him, and the hollow return, taking up his cry, would send it round and round from one wall to another, as if in every corner were nestled a mocking ghost of some boy dead and gone. But no boys ever do come, because in that part of the city there are no boys. To find them you must go to the other side of Bishopsgate Street, where are Houndsditch and the Marks and a swarming hive of humans.

The only thing to be seen about Great St. Simon Apostle during this time of calm and rest was the figure of a girl. When the evenings were light—that is, from April until the end of October—she used to glide out from Number Five, the house at the end, and pass along the little church-yard when the last straggler was gone and last office shut. Had they known—some of those rollicking young City blades—what a pearl of beauty lay hidden in the upper story of Number Five, I think they would not have been in such a mighty hurry to huddle their papers in the safe, and be off and away to the west, where all manner of pleasures are found. If they had known what kind of damsel that was who flitted about Carmel Friars, wandered amid the squares, and sometimes trusted herself through the tunnels into the streets beyond, sure I am that these young knights of the Exchange, the gallant brokers, these chivalrous limbs of the law, these gay and sparkling young financiers, would have lingered, if only to look through an office blind in admiration of the face, whose beauty even the blurred and dirty window could not destroy. Or had they known how, on Sunday morning, this maiden might have been seen by those adventurous few who forced their way thither, sitting on the benches in the church among the Dutchmen, herself fairer than the fairest tulip among that bulbous race, they too might have had heretical yearnings in the direction of the Dutch persuasion, and become strangers for a time in their spick and span suburban church. The girl is Lettice Langton. She is rather taller than the average height of girls; she stoops a little as she walks, but that is from walking a great deal alone; her eyes are generally cast downward. If those eyes were looking you full in the face, you would see that they are of a deep blue, full eyes, which are clear, but not too bright. And if she held her head upright, as she should—because she is as straight as a lance, and her figure is as perfect as Diana's—you would notice what a delicately shaped head it is, and your eyes would fall upon a face which is marked especially by sweetness and purity. There are some girls' faces which bear that expression habitually, and never lose a certain haunting shadow of it, whatever that after-life may be. But to bear it as a seal upon the forehead, the mark of an ever-present abiding spirit and influence, that girl's mind must be set habitually upon things high and noble.

It is a Saturday afternoon at the end of October, in the year 1876. Outside the city the day is one of those bright autumnal days with a clear sky overhead, and a soft mist hanging upon the trees; when in the morning myriads of threads, dotted with pearls of dew, stretch along the hedges, as if the fairies had been having a grand washing day, and had forgotten to take down the lines; when the last of the flowers are struggling against the season, the mignonette, sweet to the last, the chrysanthemum, and the aster; when the mind rests in the memory of the long summer, like an old man, placid and calm, in the evening of a good day's work. In the city it was nothing but a fine day.

That is one great difference between the city

and the country. There are no gracious minor distinctions in the climate of the former. It is always either fine or wet, cold or warm, and sometimes it is any thing you please; you care nothing, because whatever else goes on, you are tormented and buffeted by the east wind. Now, in the country, no one day resembles another, any more than one sheep's face is like another's, and sheep, as every body knows, are like humans in the diversity of face. Nature's aspects are never the same; out of her bounteous lap she takes a different face for every day, and all of them, save those when her face is, as it were, masked by that east wind, are beautiful.

Saturday afternoon, and half past three o'clock, Great St. Simon Apostle is perfectly deserted; not a footstep in the passages; not one upon the staircases; the front-doors of Carmel Friars are all closed, the blinds down; no voice any where. Only the door of the Dutch church is open, because they are preparing for to-morrow's service; all the preparation necessary is conducted by an old woman brandishing a duster; the proceedings are not noisy. And in the square beyond, where the four great houses face each other, there is nothing else at all, and there will be nothing else but themselves, looking across the flags in each other's windows, for about two-and-forty hours.

Stay! a light footstep; the door of Number Five is open, and a girl is standing on the steps looking out. She is dressed for out-doors, in hat and jacket: other girls would say that the former was old, and the latter a little out of fashion; also they would remark that her dress is cheap, and her gloves worn and mended. Then they would turn up their noses, if they were common girls; if they were girls gifted with that good-breeding which comes from the heart, they would pity her apparent poverty, and admire her certain beauty. For besides her pale, sweet face, with its regular features and delicate lines, her jacket fits her figure as if it had been made by the most fashionable Regent Street milliner—Lettice made it, in fact, herself—and the dress, which she also made herself, though it is of cheap material, is of soft texture, and of color grateful to the most trained eye. Lettice is poor, then. You will see why, presently, and how. She descends the stairs slowly; lingers along the iron rail of the little church-yard; looks up at the branches of the two trees where the yellow leaves are still hanging, expectant of the first frost, the first showers, the first cold winds, to bring them down, and leave the black trees naked for another cold six months; reads for the thousandth time the legend on the tomb. It is Sacred to the Memory of Meshach Squire, and it enumerates the benefactions of that citizen, the beautifyings of the church of Great St. Simon Apostle—church gone now with all his beautifyings—the almshouses he established, and the Christian virtues of his life. Lettice thought that so good and great a man should have had his life written on a more permanent record than a tombstone, which only chance, because it stood in a good position, preserved from destruction when the rest were carried away. Then she came slowly down the court, and looked in at the Dutch church. Within the box-like precinct of the modern chapel, a world too narrow for the generous amplitude of the old church, the old woman dusting the seats saw the girl in the doorway, and nodded greeting. Then she came out, and passed hesitatingly along the roofed passage to the big street beyond. But that was full of passers-by, with noise of cabs, omnibuses, and carts, which jarred upon her nerves, and rather frightened her. It was a pity, because she had come out with a yearning for the quiet shades of St. Paul's, and a half feeling that perhaps she might manage to get to Tower Hill, where she could see the river, and find a place of comparative silence for a Saturday afternoon. To-day she did not feel equal to facing the crowd, and crept back, with a sort of shudder, to the silence of the Friars. And after a moment's pause she takes the passage that leads to the four-housed square, and then, dropping into a slower step, she began to walk meditatively round and round the flags.

Presently there strolls down one of the passages into the Friars a young man.

It is the same young man whom we saw two months ago in Clear Sky Land, the young fellow whom they called John Pomeroy, the tallest, strongest, and handsomest of the young fellows there—the man of twenty-four, who has the broad shoulders, the tall limbs, the clear hazel eyes, the deep chest, and the deep voice. Add to this—you notice it more in England than you would in America, where it is common—a peculiar fineness of feature. The chin is more pointed, the cheek straighter, the color lower than would be found in an English countryman of healthy type.

He glances up the court wistfully. Number Five is as silent as the rest of the houses. He looks into the church, but there is no one there except the old woman with the duster, and she is anxious to get finished and be off, because the shades are already gathering more thickly in the gloomy old church, and she remembers that it is a place of tombs, where every flag-stone lies above a dead man. Ghosts in city churches are uncommon, but they are not unknown. Then the young man hesitates, in doubt whether he shall knock at the door of Number Five. Then he remembers the square, and four houses are in it. Slowly walking round the flags, he finds the girl he came to look for.

She hears his step and lifts her head. See what a bright smile of welcome-like ray of sunshine lights her eyes as he lifts his hat and stands before her—lover-like, submissive. As yet the love is all on her side, because he has said no word of love, and she has no thought except that here is a most noteworthy stranger, providentially dropped from the skies to remove some of the dullness of her life.

"You said," he began—"you said—that is, I hoped—that you might be walking here to-day."

"I walk here every day," she said, rather sadly.

"Every day?" He looked round the narrow court with a sort of dismay. "Every day—in this prison of a place?"

Not an atom of respect, you see, for the memory of dead-and-gone rich men. "Prison of a place!" And this where only a hundred years ago three aldermen and one ex-Lord Mayor—substantial merchants, not keepers of shops in Fleet Street—lived all at the same time!

She laughed.

"I do not find it a prison; I find it a place where I get fresh air and exercise, and can think."

"Tell me," he said, in wonder, "do you never go outside these walls?"

"Oh yes, sometimes. To-day I thought I would go as far as St. Paul's, and walk up and down the south aisle—"

"Another prison," he groaned, having no feeling whatever for the venerable pile of Sir Christopher.

"But when I got to the end of the passage the crowd was so great, and the men were jostling each other so, that I could not bear to think that I was going to make one of such a mob; and, besides, the cabs were noisier than usual, and so I came back to my old favorite walk, where nobody ever comes to disturb me."

"Every day the same thing," he said to himself.

She laughed.

"You mean my daily life. If you like, I will tell you how my days are spent. We have breakfast at nine—Mr. Pomeroy and I. I suppose you think that late in Arcadia, Mr. Ashton?" It may as well be understood that Ashton was the name agreed upon with his mother by which John should call himself when he was introduced to his father.

"Well—yes," said John. "I hardly see how we should get along at all if we had no breakfast till nine."

"At two o'clock I send in his luncheon on a tray. At five o'clock I come down into the court, when all the footsteps have hurried away, and walk about here for exercise and fresh air."

"She calls this fresh air!" murmured John, compassionately.

"At six Mr. Pomeroy shuts up his office—it has been shut really since five, but he remains there at work till six—and we have dinner."

"And after dinner?"

"Well, you have seen what we do after dinner. When you are not with us, Mr. Pomeroy never speaks. He reads, sits by the fire, and looks in the coals. At half past seven I give him a cup of tea; at ten he takes down his pipe and fills it; and then I leave him and go to my own room."

"And while he reads and looks in the fire—a pretty way of getting through the evening!"—had John's mother been present some reference would surely have been made to the fifth commandment—"looks in the fire, why can't he talk, or take you somewhere?"

"It has been always understood from the beginning that I was to leave Mr. Pomeroy to go on living as he had always lived, that I might do as I pleased, provided he was not disturbed. He gave me a piano, for instance, and as he told me I should not disturb him by playing, I play every evening. Sometimes I think that he listens."

"And does he actually never talk to you—never?"

"Before breakfast he says good-morning; in the evening he says good-night. Sometimes he will ask me at dinner if I want any thing. When I tell him that I want nothing, and am grateful for his kindness, he says, 'Large deductions.'"

"What does he mean by that?"

"It is his way, you know. He pretends—because it can be nothing but pretense—to believe nobody. And in the same way he will now and then ask me how my brother Will is doing, and when I tell him that he is doing well, and is grateful for the start in life which Mr. Pomeroy gave him, he says, 'Hum! grateful! Large deductions'—meaning that poor Will is not so grateful as he pretends to be."

"And have you nobody—nobody at all—to talk to?"

"Nobody at all, Mr. Ashton; only the cook and the house-maid, and perhaps the old woman at the church."

"But that is a Dutch church. Do you go there?"

"Yes. It is close by, and one avoids the crowds and rush. Besides, though I do not understand Dutch, it is going to church, you see; and if you shut your eyes and make believe, the language sounds very much like English. Besides, there are the hymns. They are sad hymns mostly, sung in unison, and they play the organ in chords, so that the music flies about the roof, and peals in gusts, like wind on a winter night. I do not think I could go to any other church now. And then I look at the face of the Dutchmen, and wonder what they are thinking about, and if being a Dutchman is very different from being an Englishman."

This way of looking at things to the practical young farmer was new and incomprehensible; but it had a charm that he could not certainly have explained in words.

"You have not told me yet how you get through the day. Forgive me, Miss Langton, if I am inquisitive."

"Indeed there is nothing to forgive. There is the house to look after first."

"That wouldn't take long."

"We have the whole of the upper part, you know, five rooms and two garrets, where the servants sleep. Mr. Pomeroy's office—"

"That is the front-room on the first floor?"

"Yes—is left quite alone. No one ever ventures inside that room, and unless his office boy cleans the room, it certainly never gets dusted at all. My sitting-room—"

"I know—the room at the back, where I have spent half a dozen happy evenings already with you."

"That and the bedroom make up the house. And I am the housekeeper, and have two servants, a cook and a maid. When I have gone into the accounts, paid all the bills, ordered dinner, and all the other little things, I am able to sit down and read. Because, you see, I have all Mr. Pomeroy's library."

"But they are only serious books."

"Yes; he has no light reading at all. I should like, I confess, to read a novel sometimes—"

"I will bring you a hundred novels," cried John, hotly.

"Thank you, Mr. Ashton. If you will lend me one, I should be very much obliged. At present I am reading Mill's *Essay on Liberty*."

"Oh!" said John, who had also read that work, and had a lively recollection of a tough week of weary work grappling with it.

"And then I am teaching myself Italian, and I have to practice. Oh, the day is not too long."

John was staggered.

"Always shut up in a room which looks on a dead-wall; always taking exercise in a vault with the roof off," such was the disrespectful way he allowed himself to speak of this venerable square; "never a soul to speak to; never any society, and yet you are happy, Miss Langton? You are actually happy?"

"Yes," she replied, looking up in his face with her truthful eyes; "I am really happy. Life is so smooth, for one thing, and when I came here first it seemed as if that compensated for all the solitude. We had a great misfortune just before we came; a great and terrible thing happened to us—to Will and to me."

"Will?"

"Yes. Oh, I forgot! Will is my brother. Of course. I see him every other Sunday. Mr. Pomeroy always spends the whole of Sunday in his office; he comes to see me in the evening, and we have tea and music. Dear Will! You would like my brother Will, Mr. Ashton."

"I am sure I should," said John, "if he is in the least like—like the sister."

She did not blush. She was thinking of her brother, not of herself, and John's compliment passed unheeded.

"My brother Will," she murmured; "he is two years younger than I am. He is seventeen now. It is seven years since—since that dreadful misfortune happened to us, and of course it was worse for me than for him at the time, because I was the elder. I came here to live with Mr. Pomeroy, and Will was sent to school. In the holidays, Mr. Pomeroy, who does not like boys, put him in charge of one of the masters; and when he was sixteen, a year ago, he got him a place in a great house in the City, where they pay him forty pounds a year. It isn't much, but it is a beginning. And oh, Mr. Ashton, he is such a bright-faced, handsome boy, and his ways are so winning! Indeed, indeed you would like my brother Will."

John pondered this problem of maidenhood with an increasing wonder. She had no life of her own at all. She was effaced, buried, put away in a great coffin, this sweet Sharon rose among damsels. No nun could lead a more secluded life. And not have any one to talk to; sitting silent all the evening with a silent man. That she shrank from the jostling and noise of the streets he attributed to her inexperience, or even the superiority of her nature. That was his own experience, because it was no mark of superiority at all. I, who am wiser, can tell you that her nervous shrinking from the streets and from noise was due to nothing but her five years' seclusion. It was the beginning of what might end in shrinking even from the silence of the court; in living wholly in those two rooms; in the gradual destruction of brain and will, the ruin, step by step, of what was destined to be a full and generous nature, receiving and giving.

"Let me take you somewhere," said John; "it is a fine afternoon. We have an hour of daylight before us. Will you come?"

She hesitated. Not considering whether it was proper or improper, because she was not troubled with conventional scruples, which never came in her way, but considering whether she would like to go with him wherever he might take her. On the one hand, it was already half past three, and the sun would set in an hour; also the streets were noisier than usual. On the other hand, there was this tall, strong young fellow to protect her.

"I will go with you," she said, simply.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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